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Witzend, a cultural, scientific, educational, and sociological publication dedicated to the proposition that naked words drift lovelier when surrounded by either a solid idea or a sexy picture, is issued quarterly, with luck, from Box 882, Ansonia Station, New York City, 10023, at $1.00 per copy. Wallace Wood, Illustrious Founder. Ed Glasser, Publisher. Bill Pearson, Editor. Issue #6, Spring 1969.

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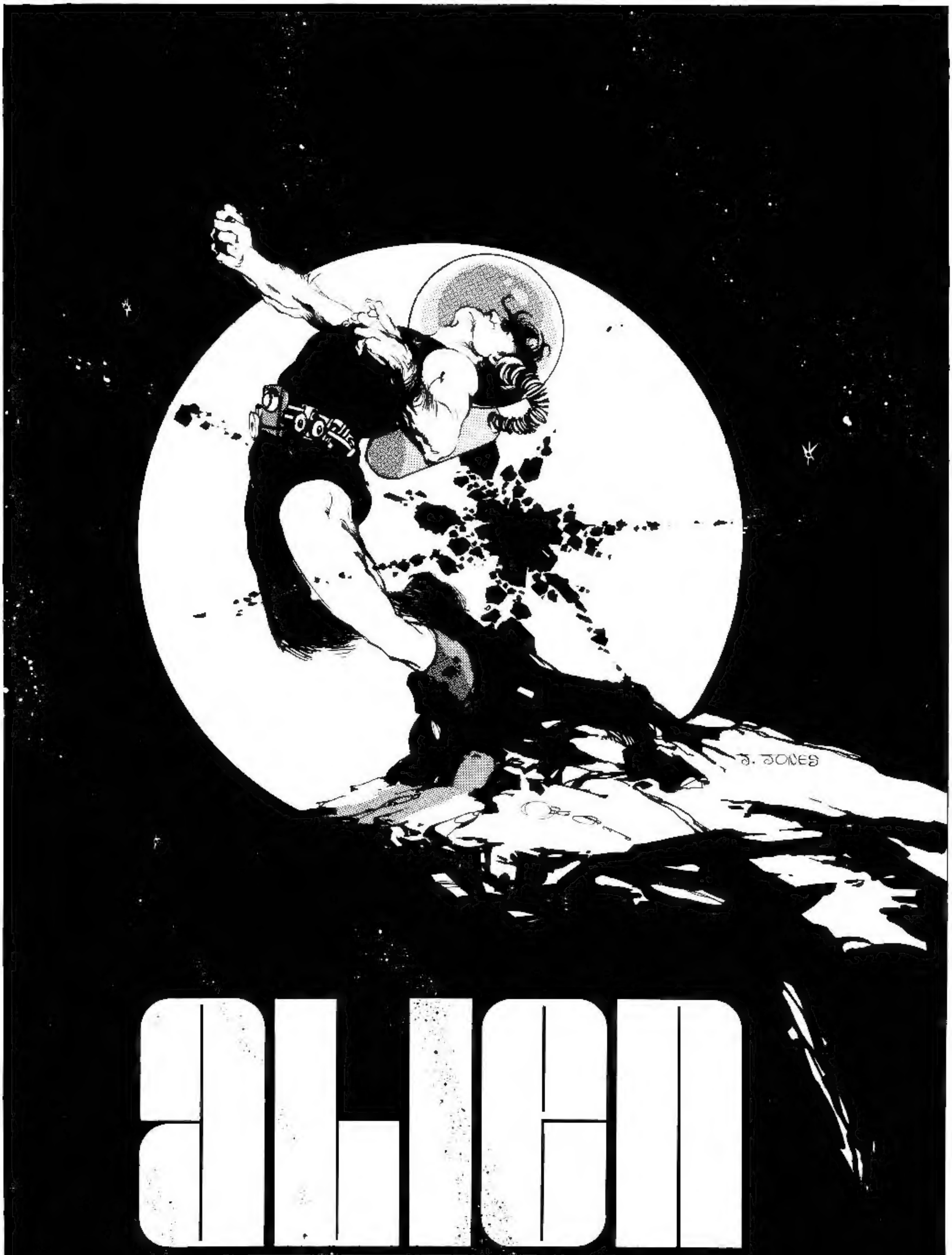

ALIEN

STORY BY BILL PEARSON

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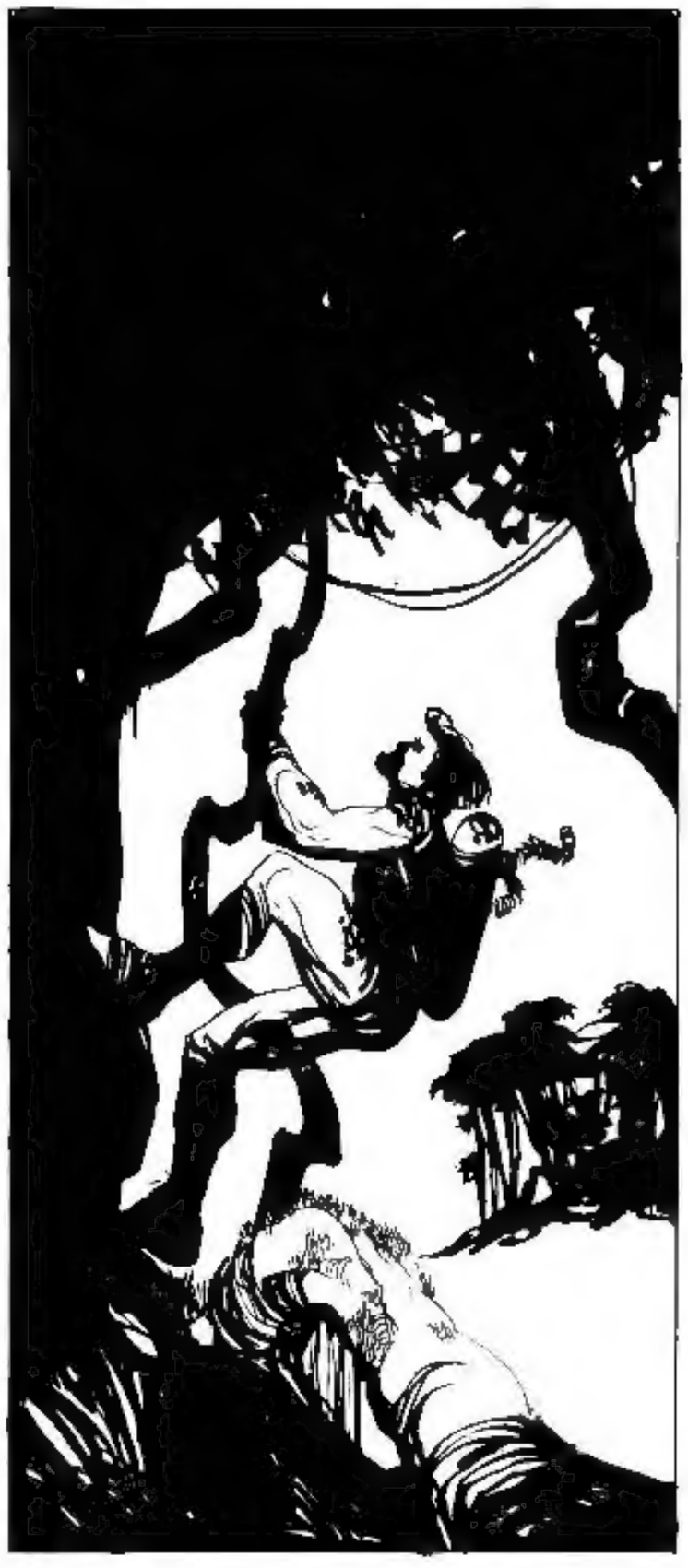

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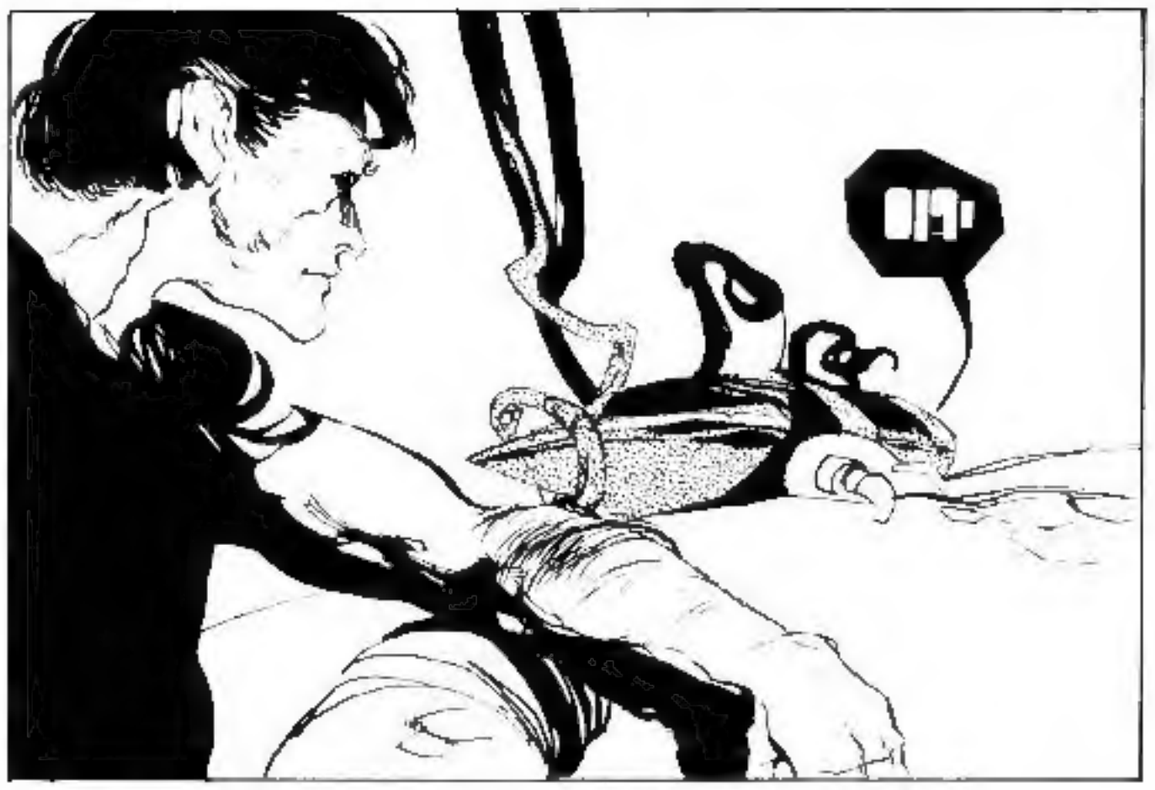
⁂ —THIS IS BENEDICT··· ADVANCE NINE···THE PLANET IS HOSTILE···AN EMPATHIC SYSTEM · SUB-ATMOSPHERE TRANSMISSION NOGO, BUT I'M MOBIL, SPACEBORNE — ADVISE SAFE LANDING FOR ENTIRE FLEET: FIRST QUADRANT SOUTH, CELESTIAL EQUATOR —

—GET A FIX AND FOLLOW ME DOWN ··· NINE OVER ⁂

⁂ WE'VE SCANNED YOU, ADMIRAL ⁂

☆ WE'RE RELIEVED TO HEAR FROM YOU, BENEDICT — PROBES HAVE ESTABLISHED GROUND LEVEL INTERFERENCE, AND WE COULDN'T COME AFTER YOU WITHOUT COORDINATES···

···WE'VE MONITORED ADVANCE NINE TOUCHDOWN — BE WITH YOU IN PLUS ONE FOUR HOURS — COMMAND OUT ☆



AN INTERVIEW WITH Will Eisner

BY JOHN BENSON

As I was ushered into Will Eisner's office, a contract was spread out before him and he was speaking on the telephone of "grand total projected annual market figures" and the like. This prompted the first question.

Do you feel that your business acumen was a necessary aspect for you to create your art in The Spirit, or even before, when you were in comics?

No, I think the business acumen is largely a result of an effort to market ideas. It's an outgrowth, really, of the fact that I was always generating more ideas than I could sell, or find a market for. And after a while anyone in that position gets frustrated, so, out of sheer desperation, you go out into business. In the early days, in an effort to find somebody who would do selling for me, I latched on to Jerry Iger, and we formed a partnership—Eisner and Iger. It worked out fine.

Basic business acumen really comes from hunger. That also goes for ideas, I suspect. Many years ago, when I was giving a talk, somebody asked me what prompted my ideas, and all I could tell them . . . it was malnutrition.

The Spirit was immensely more successful than the work of other comic creators who have had less business acumen.

Well, not necessarily. After all, the fellows who turned out Superman, really in the end, had very little business acumen; they ultimately lost their ownership of the property. Actually, they were more successful; the feature itself was more successful than The Spirit.

But I became an 'entrepreneur' because, as I said, I would generate many ideas and I had to find a market; I had the structure within myself to generate those ideas, but selling is another thing. It's terribly frustrating, as any artist knows, to have somebody look at your idea and say, "I don't think it's any good." Generally the fellow who doesn't think it's any good doesn't seem to have the great intellectual powers that you think he should have. Generally, it's hard for an ego to survive a guy with a dead cigar in his face who looks at your effort, belches, and says, "Nah . . . it ain't gonna sell." At the very least you come away frustrated. Very often, of course, when you don't have access to markets, you have to create them yourself . . . or try to.

The Spirit did grow out of a groping for a new market. I got into the comic book business very early. I think I was the first to sort of mass produce comic magazines. I was running a shop in which we made comic book features pretty much the way Ford turned out cars. So perhaps the reason that the Register and Tribune consented to distribute The Spirit in the first place was because I had demonstrated an ability as a producer; and after all, turning out a 16-pager (which at that time it was) every week for newspaper distribution, with no tolerance for delivery, where you had to make a scheduled delivery every week, did require some kind of respect from the people who were going to handle distribution. I had at last struck a new market . . . a comic book insert for Sunday newspapers . . . that had never been done before.

You published a couple of books under your own imprint, and they didn't do very well.

They sure didn't . . . which will give you an idea of how far a creative man generally goes in marketing his own ideas. I published a thing called Baseball Comics, with Rube Rooky, and I also published a thing called Kewpies, which we got the rights to. Both of them died; oh, they were absolute disasters. Rube Rooky was a great idea, but it just came along long after it had a right to come along. Well, they were two lone books . . . they got lost in the distributor's lists.

There's a lot to magazine distribution that does not meet the eye; it's like a big iceberg. Today, as always, the creator and the publisher (who is really a packager) is at the mercy of his distributors.

I'd like to go back to the comments you made at the 1968 Comic Art Convention dinner, at which you and Burne Hogarth were honored. Relating to the discussion you had, I think, is a story that Chuck Jones, the animator, tells about a young fellow who visited Robert Frost. Frost asked him what he did, and the fellow said, "I'm a poet." And Frost said, "That's a gift word, son; you can't call yourself a poet—only others can call you a poet." Jones expanded the thought, by analogy, to animation, and any art form. Would you agree? Would you say that it is not important to you (or not something you should concern yourself with) that you be called an artist?

I would take the same position. If I recall, the question that you posed at the meeting was one I welcomed. To make an issue over whether you are or are not an artist . . . or, 'is a cartoonist an artist or not,' is rather unimportant. I can't see kids sitting around and discussing that, young kids just starting out—"Are we artists?" or, "Are we craftsmen?" or, "Are we legitimate artists or not?" It's a waste of energy.

Now I honestly believe that you've got to go out and be what you are, and let the critics label you. Within that frame, however, you must have a goal in mind. You have to want to be something. Now, I will very candidly tell you, and I'm very firm on this, that I always thought of myself as a craftsman when doing The Spirit. The Spirit was really a culmination of all the talent, skill and imagination I could muster. Prior to that time I was just making a living. The Spirit was the first major effort in my life where I was able to do something I wanted to do, and was doing something I thought was meaningful, and at the same time making money on it. They were good years.

I felt that I was at the epitome of the media, and that I was helping in the development of a media in itself. Comics before that were pretty much pictures in sequence, and I was trying to create a thing, an art form. And I was conscious of that, and I used to talk about it. I remember when, especially in the days when Feiffer was working for me, we used to have long discussions about it as an art form. "How can we improve this?" "How can we make this better?" "How can we do better things?"

It was almost a continuing laboratory, and I was very lucky, because there wasn't anybody who could stop me from doing what I wanted. I owned my own feature and I had the respect of my distributor, and there was nobody to stop me. I had only to stay within those bounds of propriety that would enable it to get by the editor of the newspaper.

But I also thought of myself as a writer . . . a visual-writer, let's put it that way. I never thought of myself as an author in the traditional sense . . . but a combination

THE SPIRIT WAS THE STAR FEATURE OF THE ONLY COMIC BOOK PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED AS A FOUR COLOR SUNDAY NEWSPAPER SECTION. IT APPEARED WEEKLY IN VARIOUS (MOSTLY EASTERN METROPOLITAN) PAPERS FROM ITS INITIAL APPEARANCE JUNE 2, 1940, UNTIL SEPT. 28, 1952.

AND SO....

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BANG!

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of the two things—artist-writer. It's very pleasing, I confess, after twenty years, to have people refer to it that way, because it gives me a sense of having accomplished something.

Would you say, then, that it would be pretty necessary, in order to utilize all the aspects of the art form, for the creator to be both a writer and an artist?

I think it's absolutely essential. To achieve the name, or to be worthy of the name, of creator, a man should be both writer and artist. Now, he doesn't have to write with words. After all, Rivera and Orozco were making murals which, as far as I'm concerned, were vastpieces of writing, because the painter had an idea and he was trying to communicate with the people who would ultimately view it. He had something to say. And that's the heart of it—having something to say.

The man who sits down and takes somebody else's script and merely renders it into pictures is doing something, and I don't withdraw from him what is his due. But I can only measure him by the contribution he's made to the script. He is going just so far, but he has a limitation. Dali is a writer-artist combination. I could name any number of 'creators' who write and draw. You don't have to use words, is my point.

Of course, in the comic field I consider Harvey Kurtzman one of the real geniuses. I'm not talking about the work he's doing now, I'm not talking about the work he did at Mad, I'm talking about the stuff he did prior to Mad, where he experimented in...

His war comics?

No; this is the stuff he did for the Herald Tribune. As a matter of fact, very few people remember it. It was incredibly good stuff. But he had something to say—he feels. You know when you talk to him that he has something to say. Feiffer always had something to say. He isn't the craftsman, perhaps, that, say, Burnie Hogarth was. I considered Burnie Hogarth a great craftsman. I really don't want to put him down; I use him as an example. Or even another man I admire, whose craftsmanship I admire, is Alex Raymond, who did a certain amount of writing; but he brought something, he said something—he said, "This is a style, this is the thing I'm going to say." Then there's Capp, Caniff, Herriman (Krazy Kat)...many others.

I think...everybody says something—when a guy draws a dirty picture on the wall he says something. But the limits of his contributions are measured only by what the reader gets from what he says.

Do you know the work of Bernie Krigstein?

Yes, to a limited degree. I'm not very familiar with his work. I think he was the one, was he not, who did a sequence where he showed a train killing somebody? It was brought to my attention by somebody in the shop, because it was very similar to something I had tried sometime before. I think he did it with much more craft than I did. He, you know, he carried it a step further, and I admired it. I don't know much about him. Somebody handed me something he had said about me in an interview—was it your thing? And he seemed to be very unimpressed with what I had done.

I wasn't able to convince him.

Well, no, he's certainly entitled to that opinion, and he may very well be right.

I spent my vacation watching the Democratic Convention, and seeing Mayor Daley's power plays, shaking his fist, stuffing the galleries with his party regulars, I could only identify him as a character out of The Spirit. If there is one theme that runs through The Spirit, from its start to the last episode in the Herald Tribune, it is big city politics. Why is that?

Well, remember that I grew up in the city—I sold newspapers on the street corners in the city. My whole background is a city boy. I went to High School here; all my culture is city culture. I lived in all the nooks and crannies of Manhattan. You know, it was all part of what I had to say. Central City was New York City as far as I was concerned, and the city politics was obviously what I knew and understood. I had no other place...this is what I was drawing on, what I had to start with. I grew up in the depression, so the application of politics was in the frame of the depression.

Actually, it wasn't very much different than it is now, except that now there's a different level of protest, but the protests are essentially the same. We had Mayor Daley's then. We couldn't drop out then because economic security was the measure of achievement; but we were protesting, and we didn't wear beards, but we ran around and protested. Joined causes and dreamed of brave new worlds. The protests were the same; instead of dropping out on pot, we dropped out on liquor, or you dropped out by going out on the road. But it's strangely not a hell of a lot different, and the establishment looked as dastardly then as it looks impossible to me today. Except that now I am a member of the establishment. As a matter of fact, I'm quite content to know that the only comfort we establishment people have is the knowledge that these kids are going to someday be the establishment...and it will serve them right.

MR EISNER AT THE 1968 INTERNATIONAL COMIC CONVENTION

Mike Barrier explains his interest in the so-called funny animal comics by arguing that exaggeration is a necessity in the comic media, and can be used effectively in funny animal strips because they're exaggerated to begin with. He says that some serious strips have used this necessary exaggeration and the results are grotesque. An original creator can make this a virtue, but he must use stories where grotesqueness is appropriate. He cited The Spirit as a successful example.

If you have to break it down to that kind of laboratory definition, he's correct, but in my judgement there really is not much difference between a 'serious' or a 'comic' strip. I wouldn't think it out of character if Prince Valiant had a humorous character or comic relief. Any of these drawings...

I don't want to interrupt, but I think Barrier is referring more to the dramatic stories that featured 'funny animals' such as Uncle Scrooge by Carl Barks. They could use very exaggerated facial expressions, actions, and so on, because of the 'funny animal' medium. But you were able to do that, too, with The Spirit, in a more realistic vein.

The drawing was somewhat realistic, if that's what you're talking about. But I employed exaggeration where I felt I needed it, and where I felt I wanted to be serious, I did. I played it the way you might in music. You got louder when you felt you wanted to emphasize something, and you got quieter when you felt you wanted a downbeat. Use any device the tool allows.

There is an element of the grotesque in The Spirit which naturally lends itself to this kind of exaggeration. If you were telling a drawing room story it would be very difficult to use exaggeration.

Yes. But then again, you select the way any painter would. It becomes very plastic in your hands if you are in command of the technique, and I think that's the essence of it.

People have often referred to the stuff I did as grotesque. I wonder exactly what they mean by grotesque. I mean, I understand the definition, but what do you mean by grotesque? What do you think they mean by grotesque? I don't mean to turn the tables, but I'd like to know.

Well, the milieu that the Spirit operated within...

You don't mean distortions, optical distortions?

The optical distortions which created the mood that the Spirit operated in...

Well, then yes, I'm guilty. I'm quite grotesque.

Well, I don't think it's a matter of being guilty. What Barrier is saying is that since the media needs to be distorted, and thus to be grotesque, if you're going to do a realistic story you have to do a story which already has its own elements of grotesqueness in order to utilize the form.

I see what you mean. As far as my pattern went, I would say about 25% of the time only would I work from a visual concept to story. The rest of the time I would work from idea. I'd start with a doorknob and build a house with it, generally. I'd come down with a basic idea or thought that I had, or something that I wanted to say, like the story of the atom bomb.

When they blew the atom bomb in 1949 I was really caught up like everybody else, frightened and disturbed about the whole thing. I did a story one day about the discovery of fire by two men on a planet. And they treated the discovery—these were two prehistoric men—as though it were the discovery of atomic energy. One fellow says to the other, "Why, this is terrible,

this could wipe out the entire face of the earth; let's handle this very carefully," and so on. It reflected a very personal thing. I myself was trying to come to grips with this enormous idea, and in writing it I guess it was a sort of exercise in my own mind. But there was a grotesque treatment, obviously, because it was a grotesque subject.

Where do the Warner pictures come in as an influence?

Well, everybody from Feiffer to others who have written about me in recent years have attributed to various motion picture productions a great influence on me. You've got to remember, as I said, I was a city boy: I grew up on the movies —that was my thing, that's what I lived with. The movies always influenced me.

I was seriously interested in the theatre at one time, and at one point I wanted to be a stage designer; it was really something I was terribly interested in. Then, for economic reasons, it just didn't seem like a viable thing, but I still retained an interest in the theatre.

The early Man Ray films interested me tremendously. I used to go down to the New School and spend hours looking at these old Man Ray experimental films and it gradually dawned on me that these films were nothing but frames on a piece of celluloid, which is really no different than frames on a piece of paper. And pretty soon, it became to me film on paper, and so obviously the influence was there.

But timing, sequences—I think I was influenced by almost any film. I think if anyone asked me what films were the ones that I thought were most exciting, or most interesting, I really couldn't put my finger on it. I suppose people can, later in life, point to an author that influenced them most. One of the artists that influenced me most, I would say, was Lynd Ward, his woodcuts and wood engravings; they were fantastic. And I always felt he was the Daddy of the pure ultimate visual. And ever since then, and this is now thirty-five years, I've tried to reach that same mountaintop, and I've never been able to do it.

But getting back to film, I would say that the films influenced me tremendously.

When I look at your material, I don't see that you're copying any film techniques—you're using your own techniques. But as far as the stories themselves go, there is a certain similarity.

Well, my big influence in stories is not so much films, although they got their stories from the same place I did, actually. That influence is the short stories—the O'Henry short stories, the Ambrose Bierce short stories, and so forth. I was an avid short story reader, and as I got into the business, the short stories became really useful. I used to seek out short stories wherever I could. I picked up once, in an old book store, a collection of short stories written in Scotland in 1830, in the newspaper called The Border Papers, and they'd have short stories in there every week, it was a weekly newspaper, very much like the short stories of the period when Charles Dickens wrote. I was a great fan of Hecht, and I was also a very great fan of O'Henry and the whole gamut which I mentioned before. These had the twist ending, the surprise ending, and so forth.

But The Spirit, actually, as I saw it (and as I saw comic books), was nothing but a series of short stories. They were the pulps in visual form.

That's interesting. It sort of dovetails with what you once told me before, that The Spirit was the precursor of television.

The comics filled a gap. I was conscious of it at that time, because all during the time The Spirit was being produced and I was in comics actively, creatively, television was just around the corner. And The Spirit was a half-hour TV show.

Do you go to the films now?

Yes, I'm still a strong fan. I don't get to films as much as I used to, but I do see... I watch a lot of television whenever I can.

Do you see the European films much?

I haven't really kept up with the European wave, largely because my activities now keep me pretty busy going into more pragmatic things.

Of course you know that all the European directors, especially Alain Resnais, are great comic fans.

The ones I have seen employ a great deal of the technique... I thought the early Italian films did have... there's a change that I've noticed that perhaps is different from the kind of things I was doing, which of course is to be expected. These films seem to employ the visual image for the sake of the visual image—not with any message in mind. It s almost as though somebody had experimented in the laboratory with a whole series of things, and then just simply put them together and said, "Here, look at what I came up with." Occasionally there's a strong message; obviously the Fellini stuff has a strong message... the symbolism...

What was the last Fellini film you saw?

8½, which left me gasping because it was really quite a smashing thing. Remember, however, that I grew up in an era where the story and the message was all. And when the message becomes very obscure, then it's rather hard to get.

Did you know Jack Cole?

Yes; very well.

Did you work with him?

Well, when I was in partnership with 'Busy' Arnold...

You were partners that was another thing I was curious about.

Well, E. M. Arnold and I ('Busy' Arnold, Everett Arnold, however you want to put it) were partners in a series of comic books. He was a business man, purely an entrepreneur... and we had this partnership. He also published books on his own, and a couple of the books he published on his own were done by Jack Cole. Jack Cole was not actually working for me directly, although he was working for my partner, and I knew Jack. Plastic Man was something we came up with out of an idea I talked with 'Busy' about, I think ultimately Jack did it. I am always, or I was anyway, always generating ideas, and it didn't matter to me where they went or who took them or what. I don't lay a claim to any of these ideas, it's just... you know, everybody gets influenced by everybody else. I was influenced by people who were doing backgrounds for me. And I'm sure they were influenced by me.

You mentioned the story about the atom bomb. You used to have what might be called peace parables. I recall the irony in a Christmas story, and I believe it was before Feiffer was with you, which started with a sign reading, 'City of Bethlehem We Make the Finest Steel for the Finest Guns." Now you're working for the Army...

And you want me to equate that? Okay, I'll equate it for you. I haven't changed, one bit. What I'm doing for the Army today is instructional and educational material. We're teaching people how to maintain their equipment. I'm a teacher; I'm turning out instructional material. I don't feel the slightest feeling of guilt, or separation, or any relationship between that and what I might think about war as war, or war-mongering as war-mongering. Or even, for that matter, whether or not we should be in Viet Nam or shouldn't be in Viet Nam. As a matter of fact, I don't think this is the place to discuss it.

The instructional material I've been working on is one of the reasons why I left The Spirit and got out of entertainment comics—because I have been devoting the last twenty years, really, to developing the comic strip media, which I had always experimented with, into a serious teaching tool. This is really the thing I'm proud of. And I'll teach anything with that tool. I'd teach how to conduct a peace march in that tool, if we had a customer for it, or if I felt it was useful, or if I had a place where it could be distributed. I'll teach... do a comic strip on how to fix an engine... anything. We have done comics on democracy for Latin America, how to drive a truck for Turks... and so forth.

The Philadelphia Bulletin and one or two other papers ran The Spirit in tabloid size. I'm curious as to whether you had anything to do with that, and whether you liked it.

No; strangely enough I hated it. One of the reasons I hated it was because it wasted a lot of space; if I could have used that same tabloid section and told more of a story, I would have liked it.

Another subject brought up at the Convention dinner was the character Ebony. But I'd like to talk about some of your other Negro characters that seemed to be both realistic portrayals of Negroes at the time and also an attempt to, say, integrate the strip

At the time I was very conscious of this and I tried, where I could, to make what I felt was a departure. You have to keep in mind that for whatever else I did, I was always interested in, and still am interested in, departure. The only kicks I get out of this business is being able to break new ground. Now very often I don't succeed, like any first man into something. But that's really, as far as I'm concerned, the name of the game—to keep trying something new with the skills that you have.

Now, I did create a character called Lt. Grey. Lt. Grey was really what the two I Spy characters are today. I had precisely that idea, that I was going to create an intelligent Negro who was every bit as good as his counterparts, and who fitted into the stream of things. Now, no one stopped me, but remember I was also sensitive to interest; I was responsive to the times.

Ebony was done with a great deal of love and affection. I want to tell you something I couldn't discuss at the meeting,

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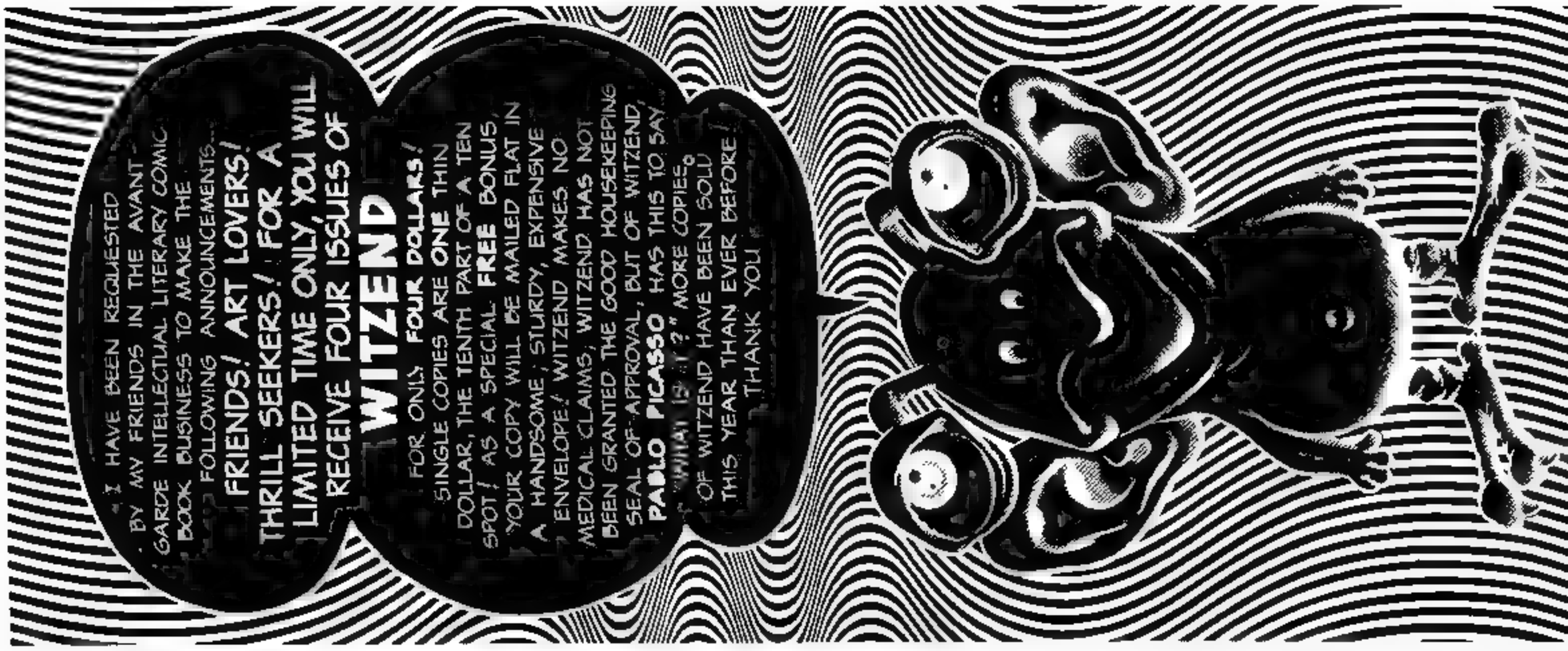
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EFFECTIVE: _____

which I think is fair to discuss here. At one point, I think it was somewhere around 1949, I got, strangely enough, two letters in the same day, one of those rare coincidences. One letter came from the Education Division of the CIO in Philadelphia. It happened to be from a fellow who went to school with me or something, and he wrote a long, bitter letter about how he was shocked, and dismayed, and disappointed that a fine liberal like me had gone down the road of portraying Negroes in this fashion. And on the same day, I had this long and wonderful letter from the editor of the Afro-American newspaper in Baltimore congratulating me on the courage that I was displaying in showing a character like that.

Now the strange thing about it is that neither of these fellows were quite right. I was neither an unfrocked liberal, nor was I setting out to do any more than what I thought was right. I treated Ebony in the scheme of things as it was then. There was a time when both liberal and reactionary thought Amos and Andy were just great. And they were being very honest about it; I think they thought they were being quite kind. People forget that, because we now discover what a terrible thing it was—patronizing Negroes. There was a time many years ago when people told Jewish jokes, and one knew they weren't being very kind. Today no one gets mad, it's part of the changing culture.

To me, Ebony was a very human character, and he was very believable...at the time. With all the idealism I had then, I felt that he deserved to be treated as a human being, and have emotions. Remember, that was a breakaway in itself... no one ever showed Negroes in comics with any emotions other than weeping over the death of poor little Mandy, and the little white girl. Only Ham Fisher did anything like it and he stayed with the safe stereotype.

We're doing stuff now—one of the things I'm currently engaged in is a whole series of Negro oriented educational materials, in the comic technique, with all Negro characters. A totally different approach than I took then—but done in the comic style.

You're quoted in the Herald Tribune as saying, "The Spirit was an existentialist—he solved crimes for no reason...he was the first middle class crime fighter." Wouldn t these statements also be true of the Bogart archetype?

I think you could say 'yes.' They both had the same reasoning; his motivation was as obscure as the Spirit's motivation. As a matter of fact, one of the things that perhaps crept through The Spirit that makes people say to me slyly, "You really had tongue in cheek all the time, didn't you? It was all a big put on." Well, yes, in a way, because I could never understand why any crime fighter would go out and fight crime, why the hell a guy should run around with a mask and fight crime was beyond me.

Except that I, and there again it was a part of my own background, this kind of mystical thinking, in which I've always felt that people do the things they have to do. So man does what he's confronted with. You put a man in front of a wall, he will climb the wall, just the way an ant does. As he builds a society, he builds a wall and then struggles to climb it. The Spirit had all the middle class motivations, which is that 'I've got to have something to do; this is my thing, this is my schtick,' and he went out and did it. Of course, the big thing, the big problem each week was to figure out an acceptable reason why he should get involved in this in the first place.

I was ready to come here and say, 'Everyone says The Spirit was tongue-in-cheek, but you were really serious, weren't you?'

Serious only in that when I did The Spirit, I really wrote my heart out; I really was saying what I wanted to say. I couldn't have done it with more intensity and honesty, and I'm rather proud of the fact that most, most of the things I've done in my career were done honestly.

Very early I reached the point where I could afford to pick and choose the kind of work that I wanted to be involved in. Leaving the comic field and going into the educational field involved a very substantial risk in the beginning. It turned out to be economically very wise. But it was seriously done.

We seem to have come to the end of the hour I'm amazed that we've covered so much ground.

You had some questions I never expected. You know, every once in a while I try to read these...this Graphic Story Magazine. I'll tell you, if I were to go back (it isn't a question of going back, it would be going forward), if I had the time to devote myself fully, that would probably be the direction in which I would probably go.

Which direction?

In the so called 'graphic story,' because this has been something that I believe the comic strip technique had all along. But I read this article the other day, in Graphic Story Magazine I think; it was a review of Gil Kane's magazine Savage. I was sorry they put it down. Sorry Gil's magazine failed...I believe he's got the right idea. That thing I did for the Herald Tribune was in that track—I got a tremendous charge out of that; it was fun to do. This is probably the way I'd go.

But I don't think the media itself, right now, unless I misread the public, can stand an extreme acceleration into that area. It has to come somewhat from the public. I think that the public is a very impatient reader today. You see, if you refine the technique far enough, you'll come to film, and you'll be a film.

I don t agree with that, because you, I think refined comic technique farther than anyone else, and it was not film, it was comics.

I'm wondering now, I would like to find out myself; because I'd jump into it in ten minutes if I felt that there was a really substantial need for it, or a substantial appreciation. But I suspect, and I found that happening in The Spirit toward the last few years I was doing it, that people haven't the patience to read that long, or to devote that much time or that much attention to a lengthy thing. You look at the comic strips in the newspapers; they're all very short and punchy things.

But comic book stories have gotten longer they're twenty pages, and even that's often part of a continued story.

Are they popular? I mean, are they well read; are they appreciated for that? Because if that's so, boy, I think that's marvelous, that's the way it should go.

But they were talking about doing a whole novel in comic form. Now the idea of doing a novel in comic form is not new and it's not novel, but it's how you do it. Now, the review of Gil Kane's stuff was rather rough, I think they were pretty hard on him. I think he did that thing as though he were doing a comic book for National Comics. He wrapped it up; he was doing it for dough, he was doing it to get it out. He was hoping, I think, that the mere novelty of the approach would carry him home. I think that was his mistake.

The book was very wordy.

There's nothing wrong with words, except the words aren't used properly here.

Did you read the "Master Tyme" strip in that issue of Graphic Story Magazine?

Yes. Fascinating stuff; great stuff. There's tremendous talent around, tremendous. It's too bad these kids are going to have a hell of a time finding a mass audience. It's disasterous to new talent, and I don't know how much of an audience there is. They're going through the same agony that kids did earlier, and the man who publishes a three- or four-hundred-thousand edition of a comic and puts them on the newsstand on consignment isn't about to take a chance on a kid like that because he's got too much money invested. So you've either got to prove to this man that he's going to move three-hundred-thousand copies of the comic book, or..

Or else you have to market it to a smaller audience at a higher price so as to still get a satisfactory return.

A smaller audience may not be enough to support the artist. In one of our publishing companies here, we talked about this market several times, but we can't find it. How are you going to reach the people who may be interested in the stuff? How many people are interested? We don't know.

Warren's Creepy and Eerie seem to stay in business.

What are they?

Horror stories in the Savage format. They had some fine material in the early issues—people like Alex Toth.

Toth is great—Toth is one of the great illustrators around. But do they sell?

Well enough to continue, and they've been around for four years, but I don't think they're doing great guns.

Well, they may just have a piece of market and that's it. No room for anybody else. But as an artist-publisher, I'm fascinated with the market. I'm very interested. I'd go into it in a minute if I could get some lock on it, if I could see the dimensions of it—I just don't know. There may be just simply dozens of readers who are fascinated with this thing, and that's all.

This interview was recorded on September 10, 1968. The transcript was edited by Mr. Eisner and is used with his permission.

SO BEGINS THE STORY OF MAYNARD QWAMB. IT IS MORNING. EVEN ASLEEP, THIS RASCAL IS A RESTLESS WRETCH... AN ANXIOUS, PROBING ORGANISM. HIS INTELLECT YEARNS TO PASS THE PHYSICAL BOUNDARIES OF HIS LIMITED SELF. BELIEVE IT, IT'S ALL ABOUT

QWAMB!

WHAT IF THE INSTINCTUAL ULTIMATE QUEST OF THE HUMAN SPECIES WERE ACTUALLY ATTAINABLE? WOULD NOT THE STAMPEDE TOWARD IT EXTINCT THE LOT? ON THE OTHER HAND, SOME FERNS IN SWITZERLAND DO HAVE BRAMBLES, WHICH CORRESPONDS TO AN ANGULAR FIELD OF 53% OVER--

MAYNARD! LOOKIT MY BRASS BRA! IT WEIGHS 8 POUNDS ALL BY ITSELF!

Sorrel Sarika

IN 1943, IN FERGUSON, OHIO, PRESIDENT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT MADE A DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT THAT STILL BRINGS A BLUSH TO THE MAIDENLY CHEEKS OF THAT COMMUNITY.

WE'RE ALL STANDING AT THE SUNRISE!

YEARS PASS, BUT IT'S STILL MORNING. INSIDE THIS HOUSE, COMMUNICATION COMMENCES THROUGH THAT SENSITIVE MYSTICAL PERCEPTION WHICH CAN ONLY DEVELOP BETWEEN TWO COMPASSIONATE HUMAN SOULS.

GET UP, YOU BUM! YOU'RE A BUM, YOU HEAR ME!?

BUT BEHIND HIS DOOR, BETWEEN THE GARBLE OF REALITY, STRANGE IMPULSES TICKLE THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE SILENT DREAMER.

YOUR MOTHER LEFT THE WOP AGAIN. YOU SHOULD HEAR WHAT SHE CALLED HIM!

YOU'RE A BUM LIKE YOUR MOTHER.

I NEED MONEY, MAYNARD. YOUR CHILDREN LOOK LIKE TRAMPS. YOUR WIFE NEEDS PRETTY THINGS

I'M A ***WOMAN***, MAYNARD!

SAME AS THE LAST TRIP — HOME ON THE LAWN DRUNK. BLAH DE DA BLAH BLECH, BLIM DER DI BLOOP BLIP, PISH VIT GUR DOOF NUMB. RAZZLE DE BOOP BAM. RATHER BE DIPPED BY A SAILOR. POW. COUGH UP THE REST RUSH, FAST TO THE NEXT DWORP MESS IN THE ZIG ZUTZ CRIMINEY, JAKE —

MAYNARD QWAMB. ONE OF THE GREAT FRATERNITY OF ELKS, MOOSE, AND OTHER STRANGE ANIMALS. MAYNARD QWAMB, OF THE VIRGINIA QWAMBS. OUR MAN IS A VALVE TURNER AT THE LOCAL DAM.

LOVE, YOU PRUNE-FACED OLD BIGOT! YOU'RE UGLY AND ROTTEN!

WAKE UP! SMELL A FLOWER! ***BE YOUNG!***

SOME NOSE ON TH.S MOTHER!

SLAM 'IM BUTCHER! ***SOCK*** THAT WEASEL!

TODAY I SUBMERGE DETROIT

YES! IT IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO IS PLANNING TO DROWN MANY PEOPLE JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT! IT IS MAD AND GHASTLY, BUT LIFE HAS MANY PLOTS, AND ALL OF US PLAY AS MANY PARTS AS THE PEOPLE WE MEET IN THIS GRAND CENTRAL STATION OF THE UNIVERSE, SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ, ON THE ROAD TO MANDOLAY.

I'M JUST AN OLD BAG. I'M 82. GOD DON'T WANT ME, SO HERE I SIT.

BET THIS GUY LIKES MY BODY!,,

I HAVE A PLAN.

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, A SMALL CHILD PLAYS WITH HIS TOY SAILBOAT UNDER AN OLD STONE BRIDGE

THIS IS THE LIFE..

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?!

WHERE'S THE GOOD GUYS? !!!

BACK TO OUR STORY: AS WE ALL KNOW, DETROIT SITS IN A BLACK MOAT, SURROUNDED BY THREE LAKES AND A FISH HATCHERY. ONE FALSE TWIST OF A VALVE BY A MADMAN LIKE QWAMB AND THE WHOLE CITY SINKS UNDER THE SLUDGE!

MR "A" WOULD KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS...

DONT SPIT ON THE BEACH DON'T TURN AGAINST RED DON'T WALK IN THE RAIN DON'T FORGET TO WRITE DON'T WORRY BOUT ME DON'T FENCED ME IN DON'T PLAY WITH MATCHES DON'T CRY

DON'T STAND HERE

THOU SHALT NOT

WHAT HAS BROUGHT THIS ONCE RESPECTED CITIZEN TO HIS MOMENT OF MADNESS?!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A RAT. I JUST KEPT IT A SECRET ALL ALONG.

MORNIN', QWAMB.

GET A SIGN, MAN! WE NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT!

WHY SHOULD ROCKEFELLER HAVE A YACHT

MORE MONEY FOR LESS WORK!

SCAB! SCAB!

WE'RE NOT VALVE TURNERS -- WE'RE HYDROELECTRIC ENGINEERS...

HIGHLY COMPLEX CALIBRATIONS INVOLVED.

PUNK MOVIE. DESE GUYS WAS PALS WIT A BUNCHA NIGGARS, AND-

I'M PICKETING ON THURSDAYS, NOW. IT USED TO BE TUESDAY, BUT HELEN'S TAKING THIS COURSE...

MAN, AM I UPTIGHT

LOOKA THE KNOCKERS ON THIS BROAD, SAM!...

MAN! SOME BOOBS!

I SAID TO HIM "LISTEN—IF YOU'D RATHER..

BASTURD HAS A FACE LIKE A BENT TURNIP.

WHERE THE KNICKS LOST AGAIN. CRUMBS COULDN'T HIT--

ON THE OTHER HAND...

AAARGH!

BLAM!

TROUBLE IN THE VALVE ROOM! *THERE'S MURDER IN HIS HEART AND A BLEMISH ON HIS RECORD, 'CUZ MAYNARD SHOT BRAD DILWORTH AND LEFT HIS WIFE A WIDOW.*

THAT RASCAL QWAMB SHOT BRADFORD DILWORTH AND LEFT HIS WIFE A WIDOW!

BRAD WAS THAT LIKABLE FELLA, SAT JUST HERE, AND SPENT THE DAYS WORKING HERE WORKING HIS WORK!

QWAMB MUSTA BEEN CRAZY TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT!

THIS STORY SEEMS TO BE PICKING UP MOMENTUM!

I'LL SAY! OLD QWAMB'S ON THE LOOSE, AND THE WHOLE CITY OF DETROIT IS IN DANGER!

GANG WAY! GANG WAY! WHERE IS THAT MANIAC?!

HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE EXECUTIVE WASHROOM!

HAS ANYONE SEEN MR DOONEY? MR TULA DOONEY?!

DOONEY! ARE YOU THERE?!

QWAMB'S NOT EVEN A FOREMAN! IF HE FLUSHES THAT TOILET, THERE'S NO TELLING *WHAT* MIGHT HAPPEN!

QWAMB! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?!

NUMBER TWO! WAIT YOUR TURN, WISEGUY!

ONLY A PERVERT WOULD DEFILE AN EXECUTIVE WASHROOM!

SHOOT TO KILL, MEN!

DOONEY! STOP PLAYING AROUND! I CAN'T FIND MY HAT!

HAVE MERCY, O' WARRIOR OF THE BADGE! I'M HIS POOR OLD MOM!

LITTLE MAYNARD! HE'S BREAKING MY HEART!

WHERE DID I GO WRONG, YOU LOUSE? WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?!!!

WHAM POW NOC NERF

FLUSH

A MENIAL HAS CONTAMINATED THE EXECUTIVE SEWAGE SYSTEM!

PAH

HE'S OUT ON THE LEDGE, SARGE! AND THE DAM'S BURST!

THIS IS AWFUL.

TROMPLE STOMP

WHY DID YOU DO IT, MAYNARD?! YOU WERE ALWAYS SUCH A NICE HUSBAND!

HERE I AM! ROSALIE! YOUR WIFE!

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, SWEETHEART?!

ZUMP

A FRIEND GOD FORGIVES IF I NEED!

HE HAS SUCH A NICE BODY IN SCHOOL SCOTCH... INTELLIGENT HEART A GOLD.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS, FAT OLD WOMAN IN THE CROWD?

I'M AGHAST. MY HUSBAND, THE HYDROELECTRIC ENGINEER, WOULD BE AGHAST, WERE HE ALIVE.

WE GAVE HIM EVERYTHING. A PONY. A SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY.

DON'T DO IT, QWAMB! GOD HAS FORGIVEN YOU!

THE EARTH SUBJECT WE'RE DISCUSSING.

ISN'T IT THRILLING.

KZAP TV

FAR ABOVE THE CITY, A TRANS-CONTINENTAL JET SPEEDS A MAN NAMED WINSTON W. BARF ON HIS WAY EAST.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT BARF! I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING! I JUST WANT TO GET IT OVER WITH!

TRANSFIXED, THE ONLOOKERS KEEP A LONELY VIGIL 40 STORIES BELOW THE TORTURED QWAMB!

JUMP, DUMMY!

HE SWAYS OVER THE EDGE AND THE BLURRED PANORAMA OF HIS LIFE SPINS IN FRONT OF HIS EYES...

MAN! THIS IS A GROOVE!

...HIS CHILDHOOD....

THOSE CAREFREE NAVY DAYS.....

MAYNARD! SNAP OUT OF IT! YOUR LIFE WAS A BORE!

BUT **NOW!** NOW MAYNARD! YOU'RE A CELEBRITY!

LET US PUT YOU ON TELEVISION!

HAS IT COME TO THIS?

SELL MY SOUL TO THE BOOB TUBE?!

NEVER!

COMMERCIALIZING ON A MAN'S AGONY!

IT'S VULGAR! IT'S — GLUB!

CAN M.Q. SURVIVE THIS LATEST THREAT TO HIS SANFORIZED UNDERWEAR? AND WHERE IS BARF IN THIS BLEAK HOUR FOR DETROIT? DON'T MISS THE NEXT POWER-PACKED INSTALLMENT!!

THE SPAWN OF VENUS

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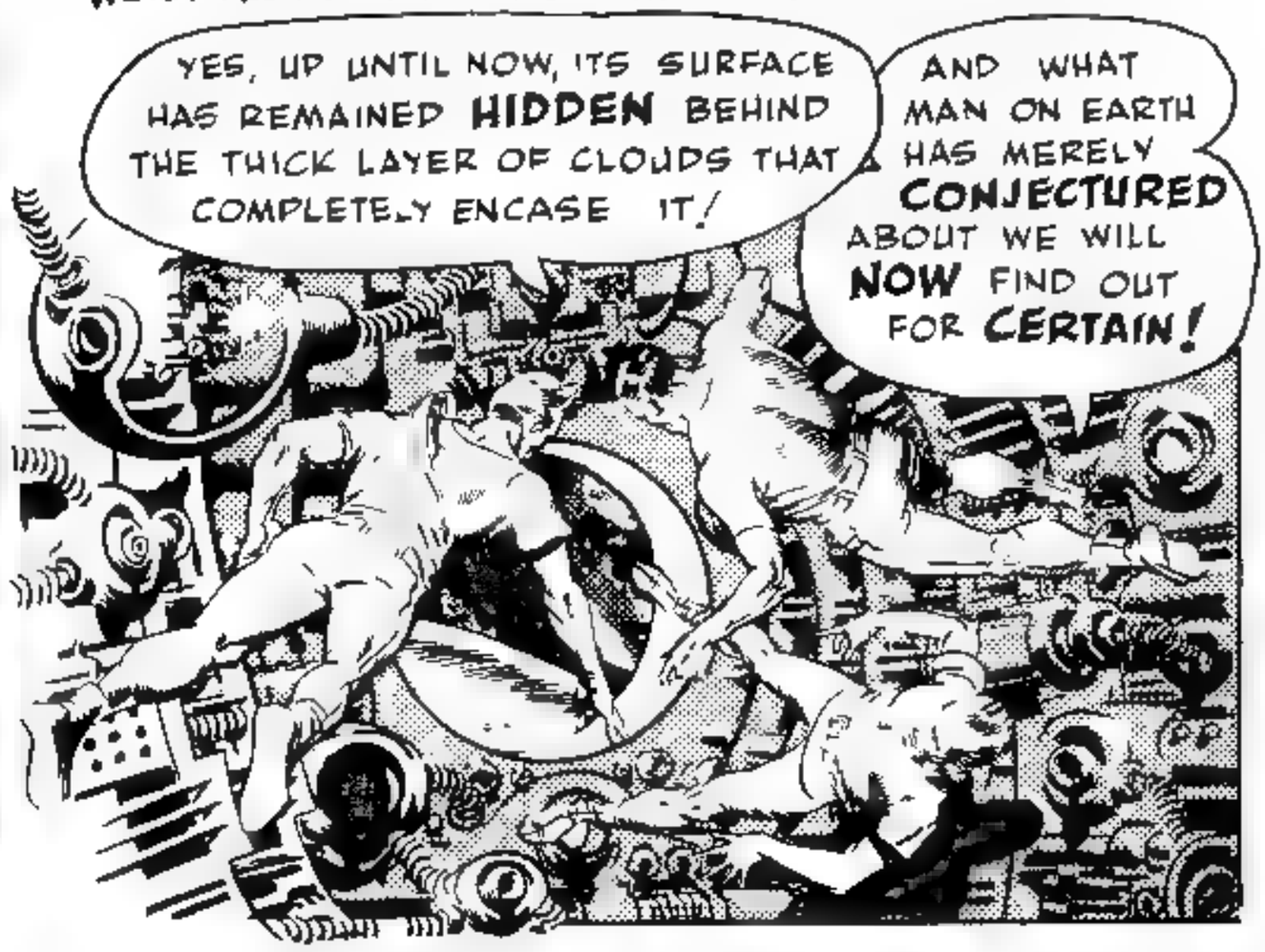
THANK YOU, MR GAINES, FOR LETTING US SEE THIS NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED CLASSIC

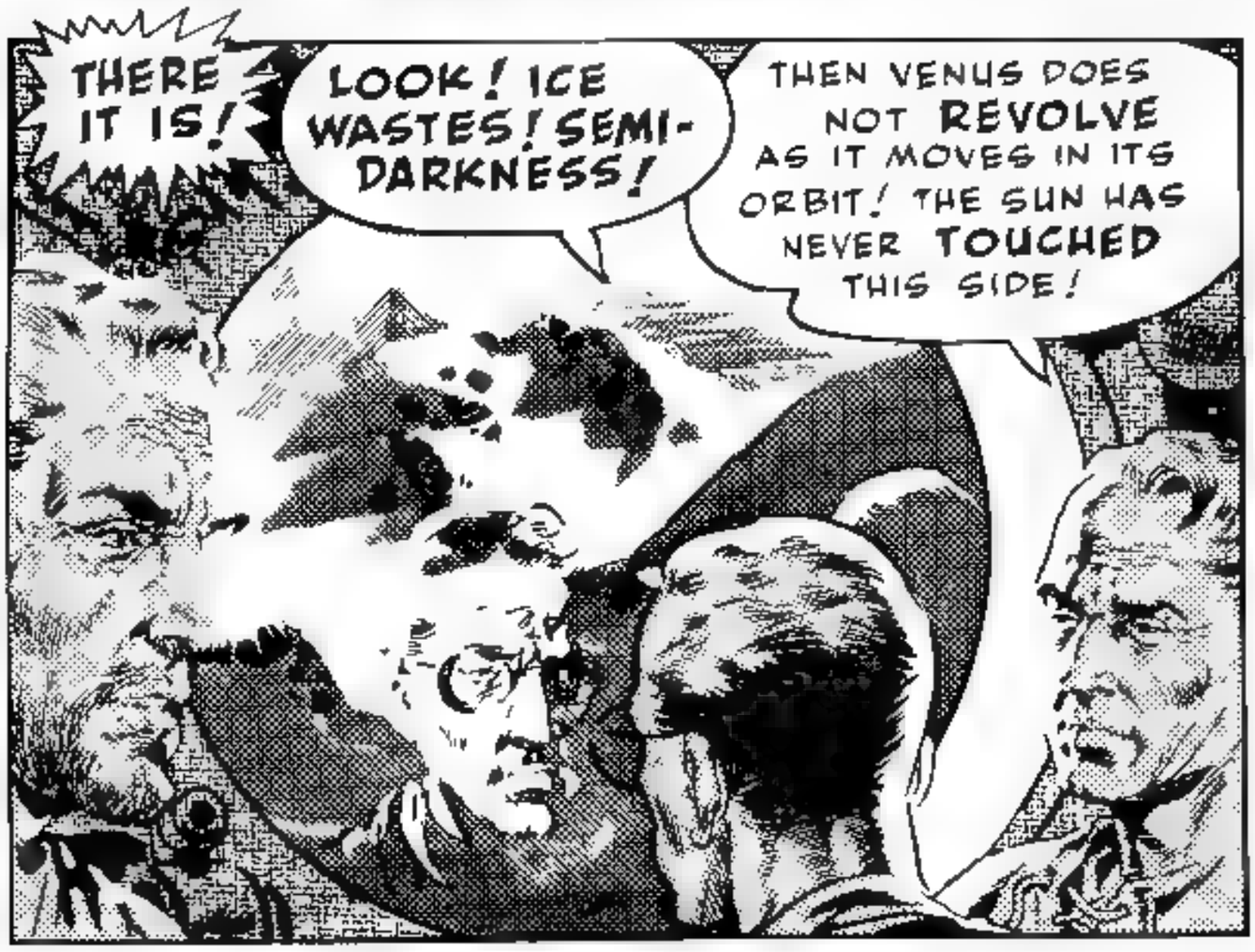
wood.

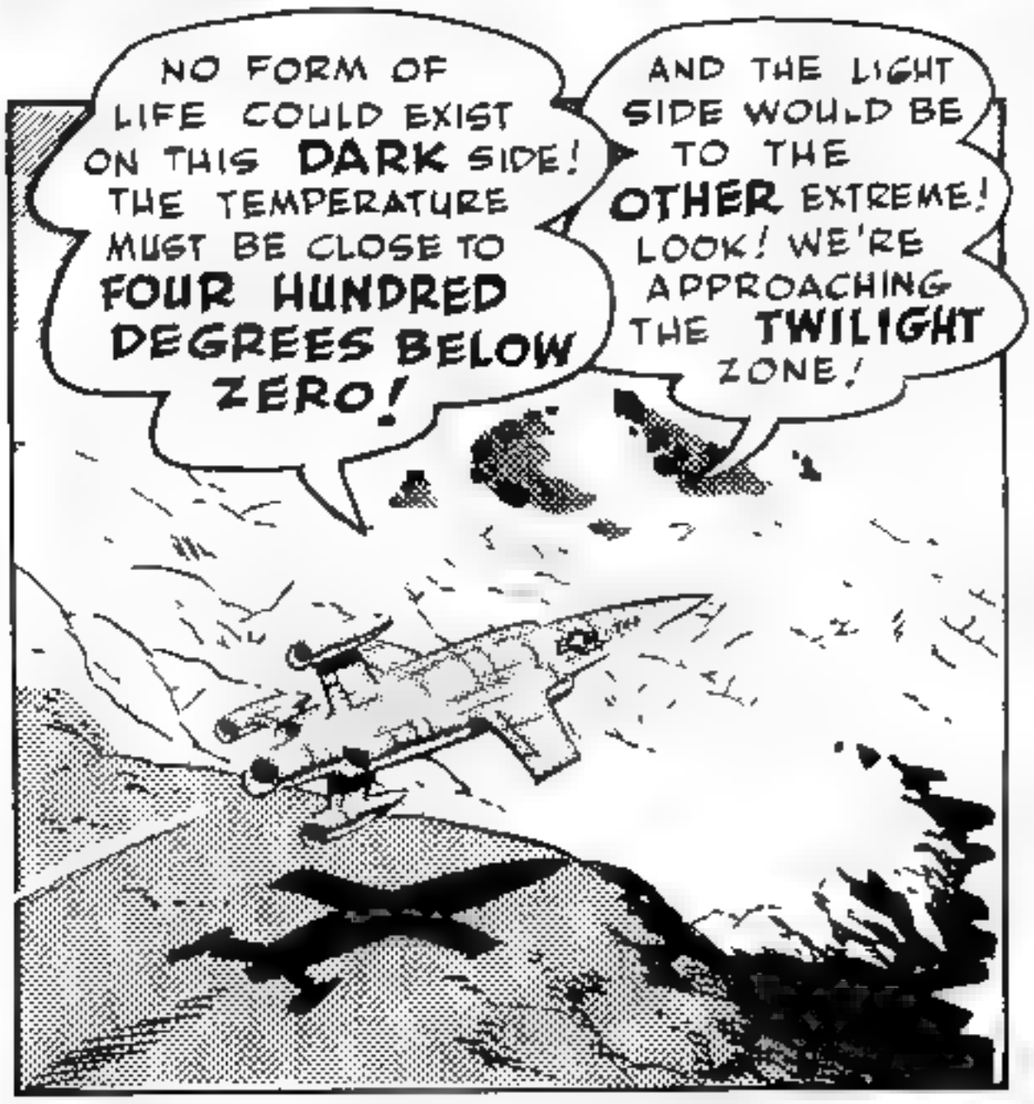
THE SPACE-SHIP HURTLED ACROSS THE VOID, DRAWING EVER CLOSER TO THE CLOUD-COVERED SPHERE...

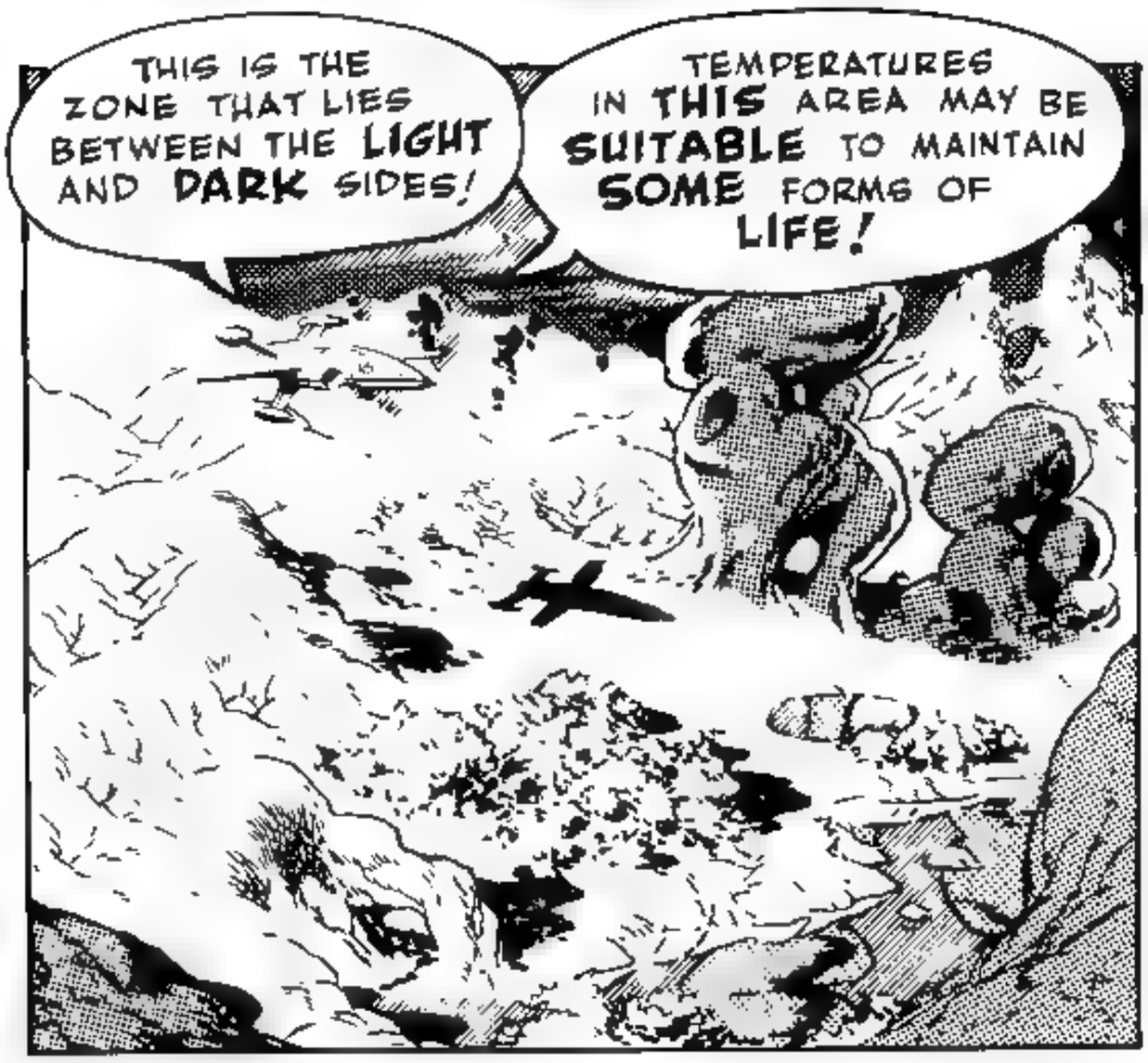
WITHIN THE SLEEK CRAFT, THE SPACE PIONEERS FLOATED WEIGHTLESS BEFORE THEIR VIEW-SCREEN...


YES, UP UNTIL NOW, ITS SURFACE HAS REMAINED HIDDEN BEHIND THE THICK LAYER OF CLOUDS THAT COMPLETELY ENCASE IT!
AND WHAT MAN ON EARTH HAS MERELY CONJECTURED ABOUT WE WILL NOW FIND OUT FOR CERTAIN!

SOON THE SPACE-SHIP ENTERED THE DENSE LAYER OF CLOUDS, FOR A MOMENT THE VIEW SCREEN WAS BLANK! THEN...

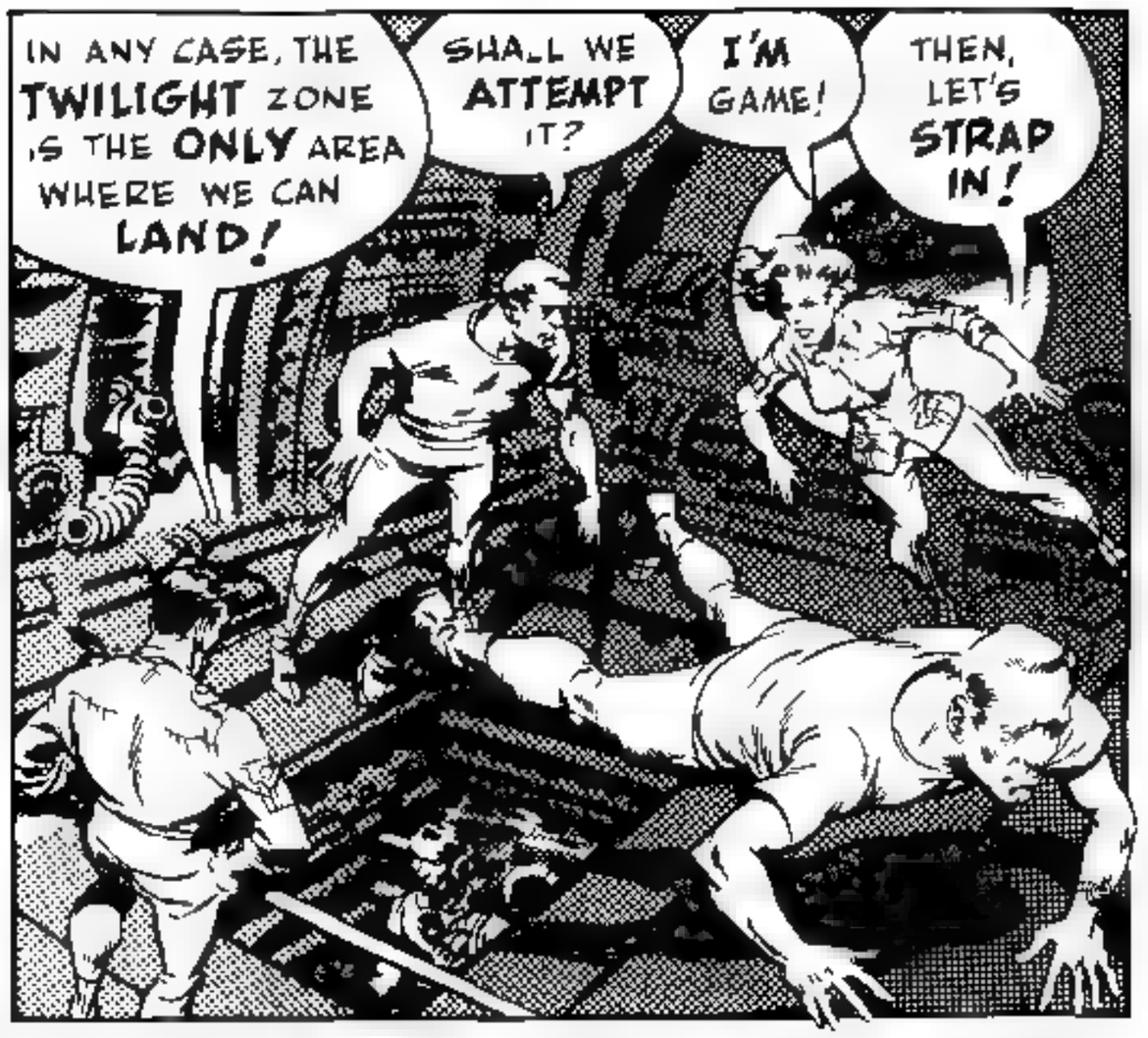

THERE IT IS!
LOOK! ICE WASTES! SEMI-DARKNESS!
THEN VENUS DOES NOT REVOLVE AS IT MOVES IN ITS ORBIT! THE SUN HAS NEVER TOUCHED THIS SIDE!


NO FORM OF LIFE COULD EXIST ON THIS DARK SIDE! THE TEMPERATURE MUST BE CLOSE TO FOUR HUNDRED DEGREES BELOW ZERO!
AND THE LIGHT SIDE WOULD BE TO THE OTHER EXTREME! LOOK! WE'RE APPROACHING THE TWILIGHT ZONE!


THIS IS THE ZONE THAT LIES BETWEEN THE LIGHT AND DARK SIDES!
TEMPERATURES IN THIS AREA MAY BE SUITABLE TO MAINTAIN SOME FORMS OF LIFE!

AND NOW WE'RE PASSING OVER THE 'LIGHT' SIDE... THE HOT SIDE THAT ALWAYS FACES THE SUN!
A SCORCHED AND BLISTERED AREA OF MOLTEN LAVA AND BUBBLING METAL...

THEN THAT EXPLAINS VENUS'S CLOUD-COVERING!
YES! THE COLD AIR MOVING OFF THE DARK SIDE CONDENSES THE MOISTURE IN THE WARM AIR RISING FROM THE HOT SIDE!



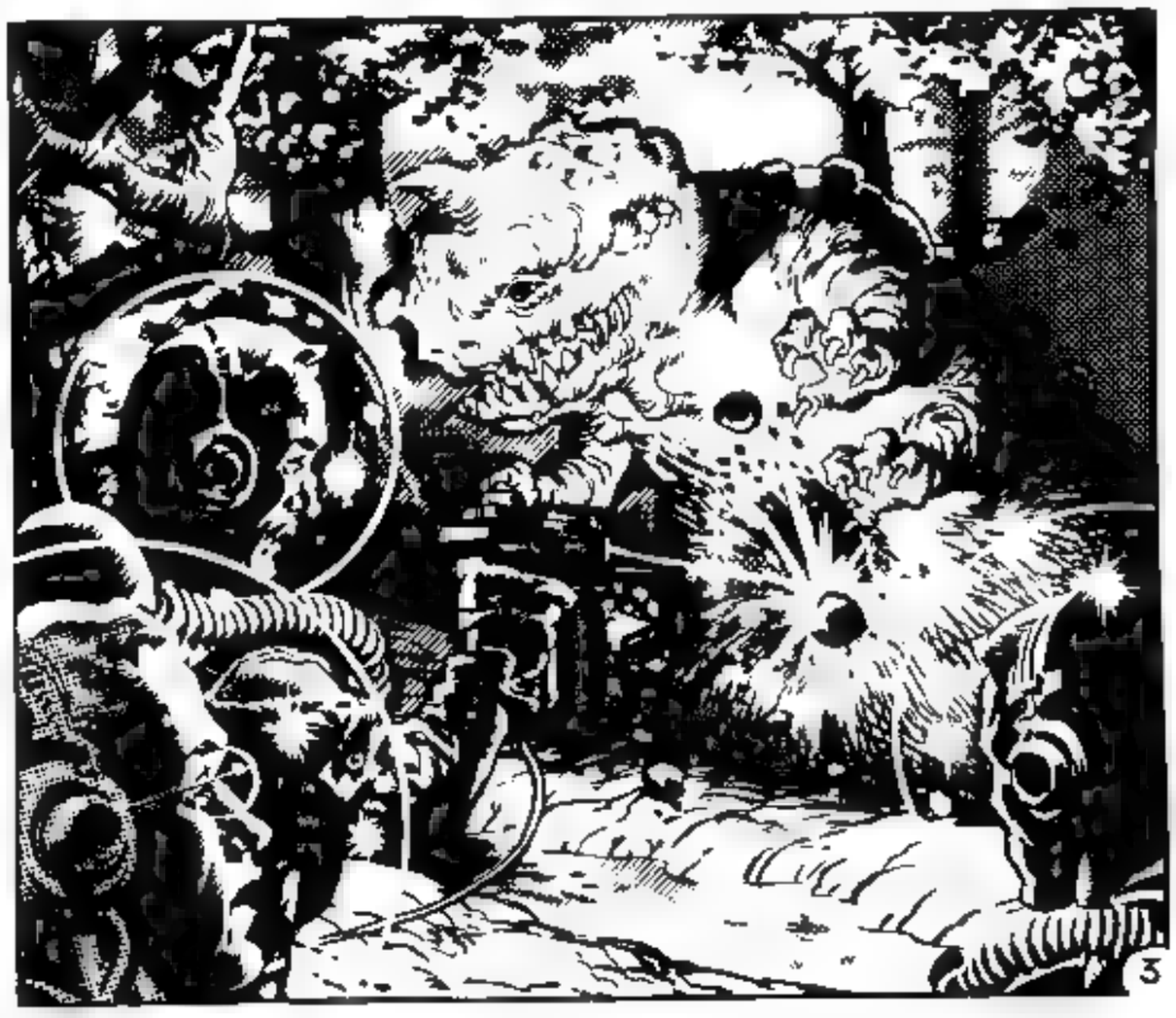
A LEVEL SPOT WAS CHOSEN, AND THE SHIP NOSED UP OVER IT...

SPACE SUITS WERE HASTILY DONNED, AND THE EARTHMEN DESCENDED FROM THEIR CRAFT..

... PLUMMETED DOWNWARD, TAIL FIRST...

THE MONSTER CHARGED FROM OUT OF THE JUNGLE, SHRIEKING HYSTERICALLY. ONE OF THE MEN RAISED HIS BLASTER AND...

... AND CAME TO REST IN A SMALL CLEARING, AMID A DENSE TROPIC JUNGLE....



THE HIDEOUS CREATURE FELL DEAD AT THE SPACE-EXPLORERS' FEET. THEY APPROACHED ITS CORPSE CAUTIOUSLY...

OTHER SCREAMING MONSTERS BURST FROM THE JUNGLE..

THE FRIGHTENED CREATURES FLEW PAST THEM DISAPPEARING ACROSS THE CLEARING! THEN THE EARTHMEN HEARD THE CRASHING, GURGLING, SUCKING, GULPING SOUNDS...

IT MOVED TOWARDS THEM AT A MODERATE SPEED... A HUGE COLOSSUS... A SHAPELESS MASS OF PULSATING PROTOPLASM...

IT TRAVELED OVER THE GROUND, LEAVING BARE BLACK SOIL WHERE VINES AND PLANTS HAD GROWN... TURNING TOWARDS THEM... A MASS OF NAUSEATING UGLY ILL-SMELLING FLESH...

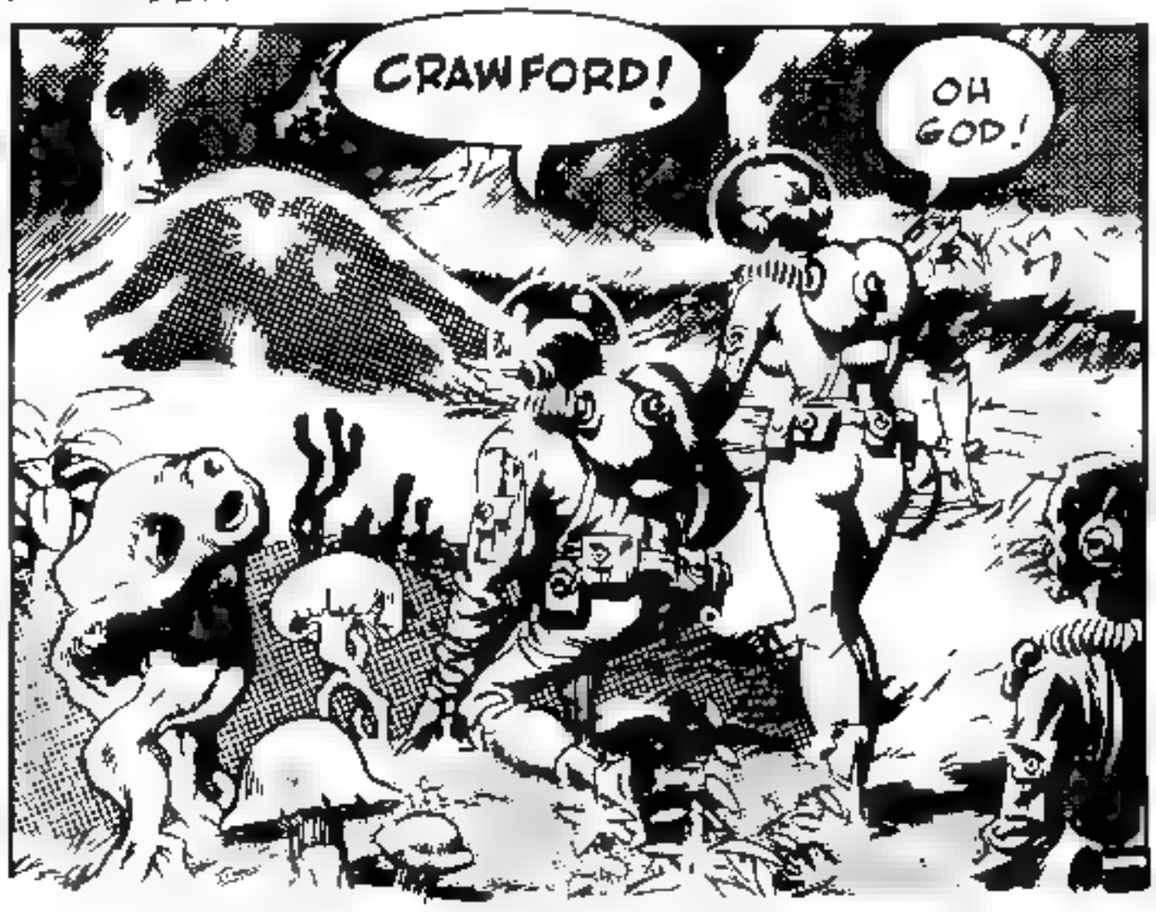
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE SPACE-MEN STUMBLED...

FROM A SAFE VANTAGE POINT, THE OTHER SPACE-EXPLORERS WATCHED THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCENE. CRAWFORD STOOD HIS GROUND AS THE LIVID MASS CRASHED TOWARD HIM AND BARNES...

AND WHEN THE PULSATING THING HAD PASSED, THE TWO MEN WERE GONE, SWALLOWED UP, ABSORBED BY THE HIDEOUS CREATURE. IT MOVED ON THROUGH THE VENUSIAN JUNGLE... SUCKING, GULPING, SLITHERING...

THE VILE FORM BORE DOWN UPON THE FALLEN SCIENTIST...

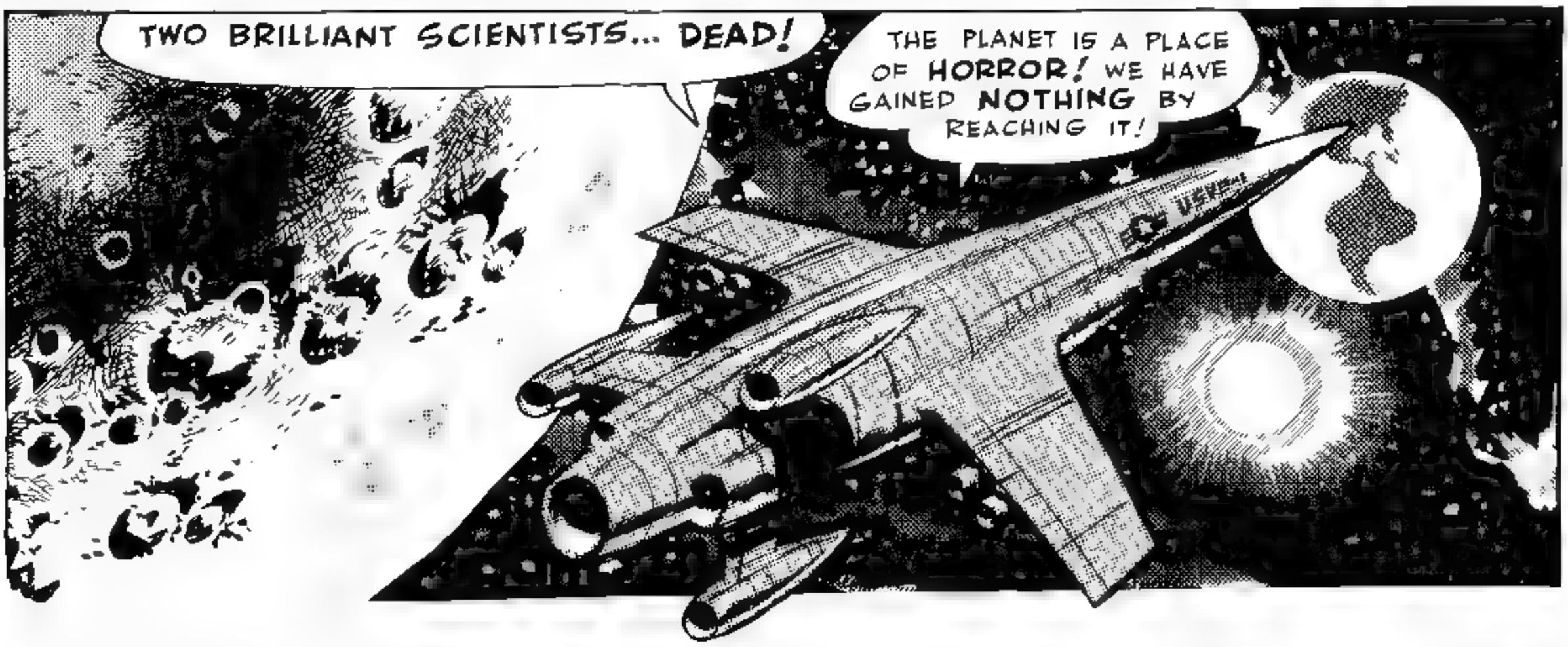
THE BLASTED FLESH JUST SEEMED TO RE-GENERATE ITSELF AS THE QUIVERING MONSTER MOVED OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE SCIENTISTS HAD BEEN...



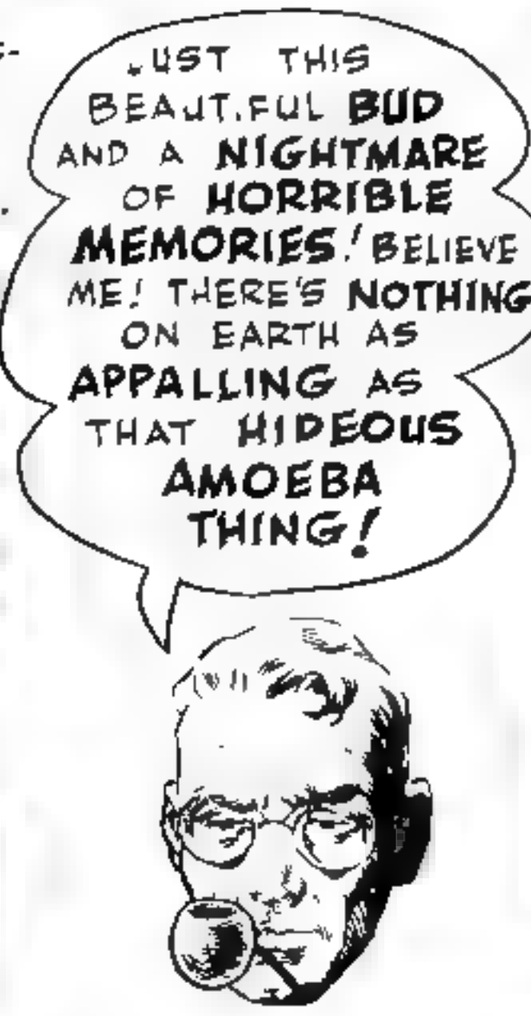
THE REMAINING EARTHMEN RETRACED THEIR STEPS TO THEIR SHIP. ON THE WAY...

LOOK, WHITLEY! LOOK AT THIS LOVELY FLOWERING PLANT! ONE BUD HAS YET TO BLOOM!
IN ALL THIS UGLINESS, IT IS THE ONLY THING OF BEAUTY WE'VE SEEN. I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME, MILFORD... AS A SPECIMEN!

LATER, IN A CLOUD OF ROCKET EXHAUST, THE SPACE SHIP ROSE FROM THE SURFACE OF VENUS AND SPED OUTWARD... INTO THE VOID... INTO THE BLACK GULF... TOWARD EARTH... TOWARD HOME...



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, AFTER THEIR SUCCESSFUL RETURN FLIGHT, JOHN WHITLEY PRESENTED TO HIS HORTICULTURIST BROTHER, BERTRAM, THE SPECIMEN HE'D BROUGHT BACK FROM VENUS..


JUST THIS BEAUTIFUL BUD AND A NIGHTMARE OF HORRIBLE MEMORIES! BELIEVE ME! THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH AS APPALLING AS THAT HIDEOUS AMOEBA THING!

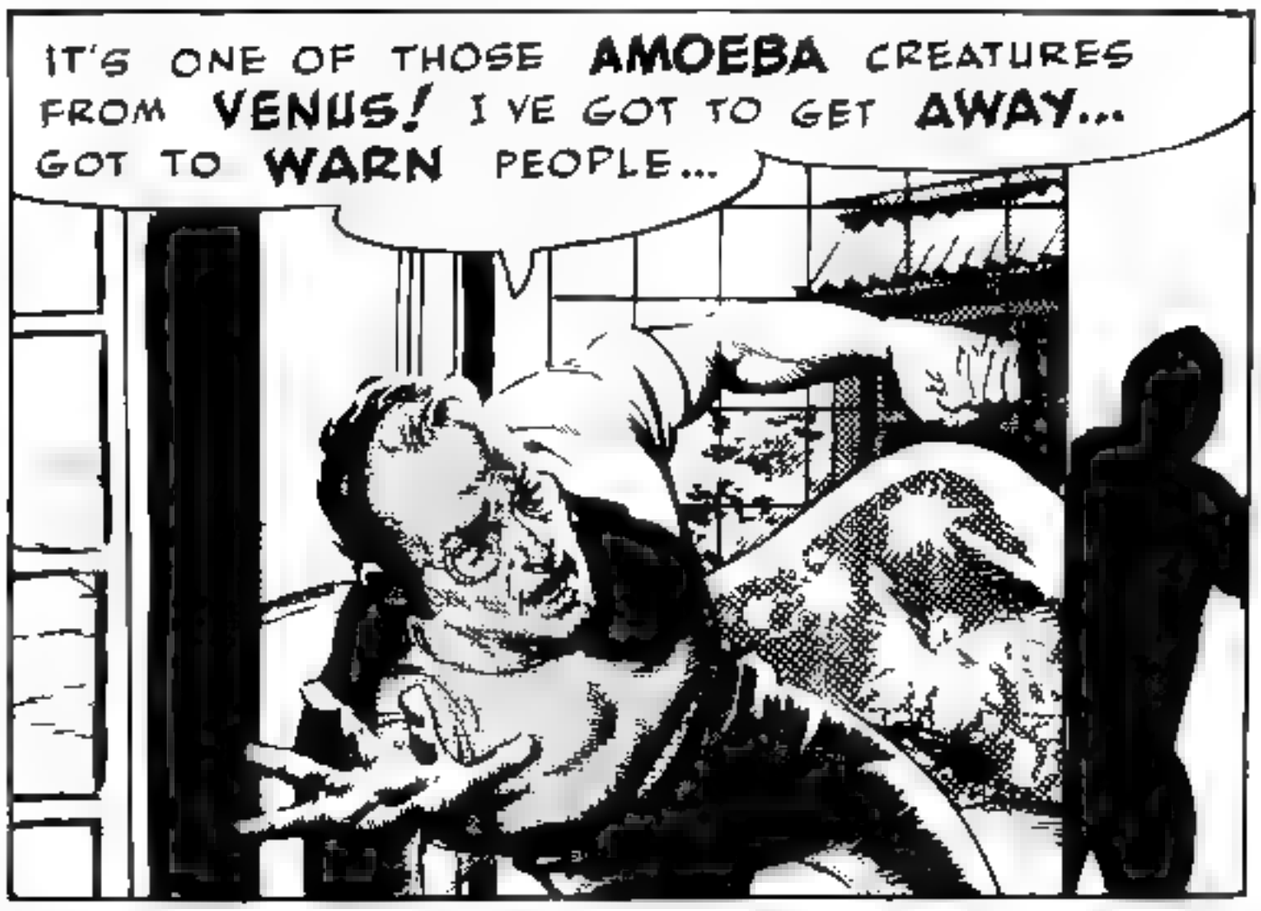
BLASTERS WOULDN'T STOP IT! IT ABSORBED EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN ITS PATH! I.. FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT COULD BE DESTROYED!
WELL, THANK GOODNESS THOSE VILE THINGS ARE BACK THERE... AND NOT HERE, JOHN!

WEEKS PASSED AND THE LITTLE PLANT THAT JOHN HAD BROUGHT FROM VENUS THRIVED... GROWING LARGER AND LARGER. THEN, ONE DAY, BERTRAM NOTICED...

BERTRAM BENT AND PICKED UP THE SICKLY GREENISH BLOB THAT LAY BENEATH THE NEWLY-OPENED FLOWER...

THE BLOB DROPPED THROUGH THE HOLE IT HAD EATEN IN BERTRAM'S HAND AND LAY QUIVERING ON THE FLOOR. IT HAD GROWN A LITTLE IN SIZE..

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, BERTRAM WAS GONE... ENVELOPED BY THE SHIMMERING MASS OF PROTO-PLASM THAT HAD GROWN TO THE VOLUME OF THE MAN IT HAD ABSORBED...



THE GURGLING, GULPING MASS ROLLED OUT INTO THE OPEN COUNTRYSIDE, LEAVING A BARREN TRAIL IN ITS WAKE...

JOHN WHITLEY HEARD HIS BROTHER'S ANGUISHED SCREAMING AND RUSHED TO THE HOT HOUSE TO SEE..

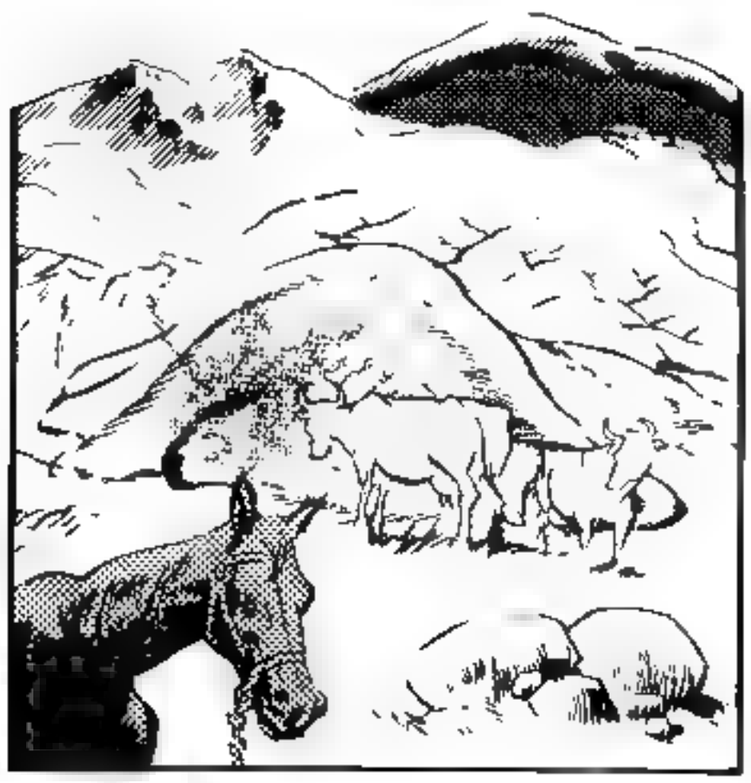
JOHN RUSHED FROM THE HOT HOUSE. THE MONSTER, GROWING EVER LARGER AS IT CONSUMED MORE AND MORE, OOZED AFTER HIM...

IT SEEMED TO SENSE THE COWS GRAZING IN THE PASTURES... ROLLED TOWARD THEM. ALL THAT REMAINED WERE WHITE BONES, AS IT SLURPED OVER THEM AND ON TOWARDS THE CROWDED CITIES...

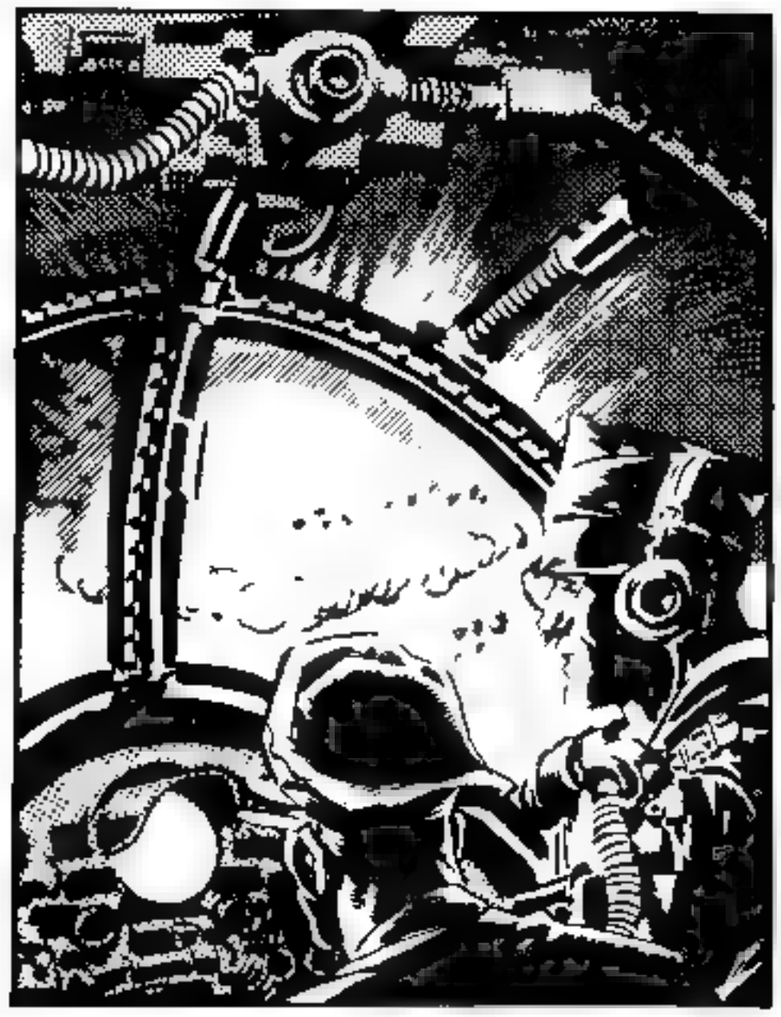
IN A WEEK, THE SUCKING MASS OF OOZING SLOP HAD GROWN TO A COLLOSSUS. THE WHOLE NATION WAS IN A PANIC OVER THIS SEEMINGLY INDESTRUCTIBLE MONSTER...

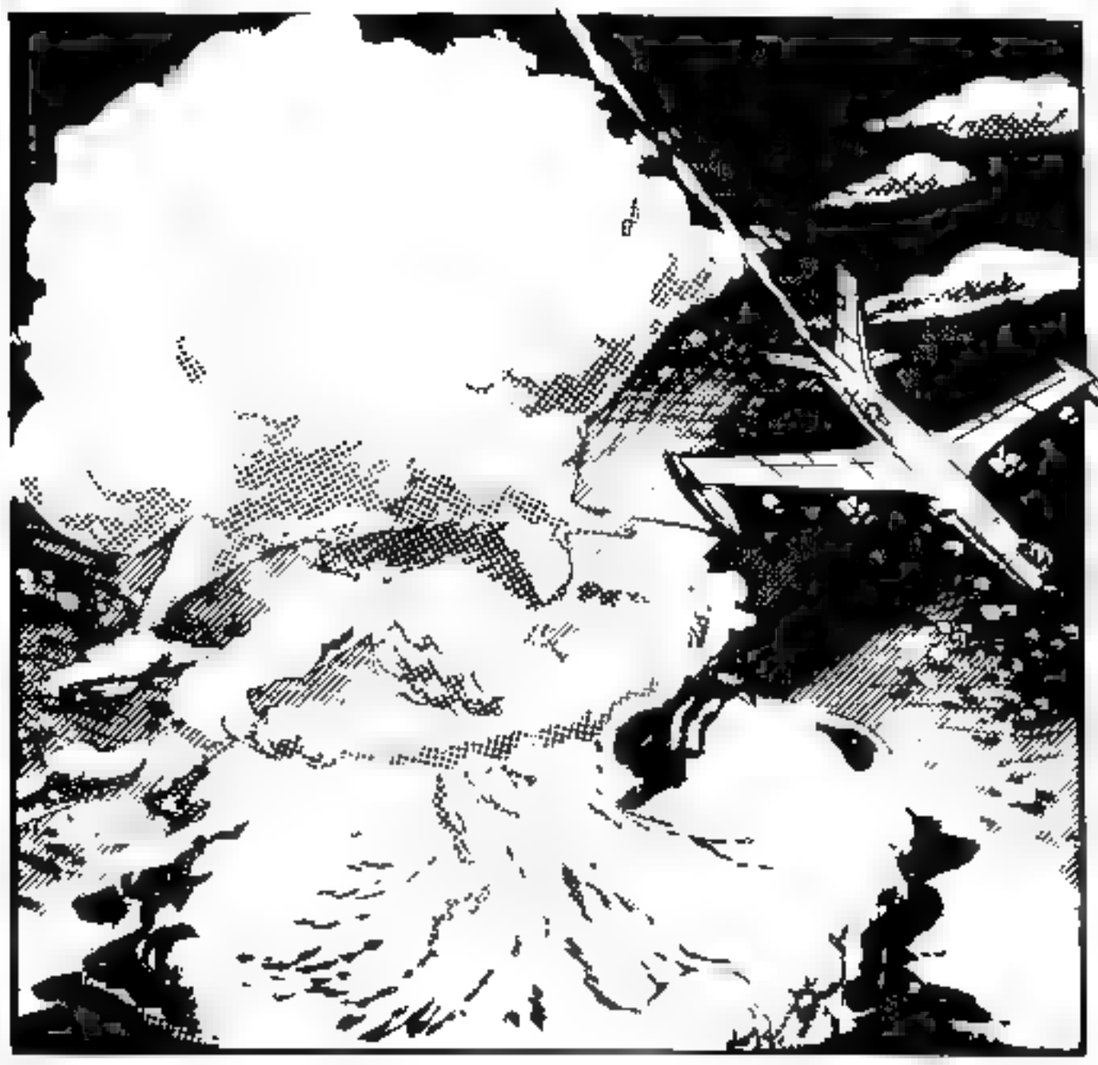
IT MOVED ON ACROSS THE COUNTRY, ABSORBING GREAT ORCHARDS, HUGE FIELDS OF WHEAT, HERDS OF LIVESTOCK, AND MANY UNFORTUNATE HUMANS WHO WERE TRAPPED IN ITS PATH...

PLANS WERE MADE. ANIMALS WERE CHAINED IN LONG ROWS LEADING WESTWARD. THE MONSTROSITY WAS LURED TOWARD THE OPEN BADLANDS...



TONS OF MEAT WERE DUMPED IN ITS PATH. AND THEN, WHEN IT HAD REACHED A PREDETERMINED SPOT...





IT WAS DONE. A DIRECT HIT. THEN, AS THE CLOUD OF RADIOACTIVE SMOKE MUSHROOMED UPWARD, THERE RAINED DOWN OVER A TWENTY MILE AREA SMALL **GREENISH BITS OF QUIVERING FLESH... PULSATING, OOZING...**

YES, THEY'D BLOWN THE VENUSIAN COLOSSUS TO SMITHEREENS! BUT EACH LITTLE SMITHEREEN... MILLIONS OF TINY PIECES... **EACH ONE** OF THE GURGLING, GULPING SECTIONS **LIVED!** IT WAS **THE END**

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THE AVENGING WORLD BY STEVE DITKO

Haiti Trying British Official As Plotter in Island Invasion

Invasion Is Nightmare to Pope

By ELEANOR PACKARD

Clergy Fights Franco

MADRID (UPI) — Growing conflicts in the Catholic Church in Spain's turbulent Basque pro emphasized today a crisis in rel... between the clergy and the Franco gov... Msgr Lor... B... 73 the

More Red Attacks Protested by Laos

Troops Fight Red Guards

Nigeria-Biafra War

5 Red Armies Cross Czechoslovak Border

(Continued from page 2)

Trouble in Berlin

Kremlin Cools a Crisis East Germany Heated Up

Franco's Spain Tightens the Rein on Restive Basques

West Berlin Expects New Red Pressures

New Rift Reported Between Baghdad and Kurds

Charge Reds Feed Arms to Mideast

Beirut, July 2 (Special) — Arms from Balkan Communist countries are being... into the Middle East un... phony Red Cross wrapping, according...

DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO DOESN'T CLAIM THAT THE STATE OF THE WORLD IS IN A MESS? MANY HAVE SOLUTIONS FOR IT; BAN THE BOMB, LOVE NOT WAR LEGALIZE LSD, PRAYERS, SACRIFICE FOR EVERYONE ELSES WANTS AND NEEDS, ETC ETC. ETC SOLUTIONS THAT ARE LIKE TRYING TO PUT OUT A FIRE BY FANNING IT OR BY ONLY FIGHTING THE SMOKE, IGNORING THAT PROBLEMS HAVE TO BE CORRECTED AT THEIR SOURCE NATIONS, RACES, AND GROUPS DON'T CAUSE PROBLEMS, INDIVIDUALS CAUSE PROBLEMS. THE WORLD ISN'T IN A MESS, PEOPLE ARE IN A MESS. THE STATE OF THE WORLD IS JUST THE DEMONSTRATIVE, PROVEABLE EFFECT OF THE DEGREE TO WHICH MAN HAS REFUSED TO ALLOW HIMSELF TO KNOW WHAT IS RIGHT AND TO ACT IN THE MANNER PROPER FOR MAN. MAN WHO IS DEFINED AS A RATIONAL BEING - CHOOSES TO ACT ON HIS OWN BEHALF AS AN IRRATIONAL BEING!

IT IS HERE, AT THE SOURCE, ONE BEGINS TO CLEAR UP THE "WORLD'S MESS", HERE WITH "MAN", WITH A SINGLE PERSON--WITH ONESELF!

Vatican Calls Criticism Nazi-like

Inflation in West May Cause Bonn Revaluation

Frankfurt, West Germany, Sept 3 (Reuters) West

Romans Burn Effigy To Spark Strikes

NO, IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! THE STATE I'M IN WAS CAUSED AND THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE WORKING HARD, KNOWINGLY AND UNKNOWINGLY TO MAKE SURE MY CONDITION GETS WORSE! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME TYPES OF PEOPLE AND THE STUPIDITY THEY PRACTISE THAT ALWAYS LEADS TO MORE MISERY!

Romanian Raps Invasion, Will Form Defense Militia

Bucharest Aug 21 (UPI) President Nicolae Ceausescu of Romania condemned the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia today, as a "big mistake" and told a cheering crowd he would organize people's militias to defend the security of his own country, Radio Bucharest reported.

Seal Burma Border To Balk India Rebels

General Hits Greek Regime

Race Solution: Suppression or Help?

WASHINGTON (UPI) — It is concluded our first ... not easy according to Dr as an urban nation ... understand why ...

COPYRIGHT © 1969 BY STEVE DITKO

THE NEUTRALIST!

NO! I WON'T STAND UP FOR OR BE AGAINST EITHER SIDE! ACCORDING TO MY SCALES, I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO EXTREMES! IT'S NOT UP TO ME TO JUDGE WHICH SIDE IS RIGHT OR WRONG! YOU CAN FIGHT AMONG YOURSELVES I'M NEUTRAL! IT DOESN'T AFFECT ME NO MATTER WHICH SIDE HAS ITS WAY!

NEUTRAL: 1 NOT TAKING PART IN EITHER SIDE OF A QUARREL b NOT TAKING PART IN A WAR. GIVING NO ACTIVE AID TO ANY BELLIGERENT. 2. OF, BELONGING TO, OR CHARACTERISTIC OF A NATION NOT TAKING PART IN A WAR 3 BELONGING TO NEITHER OF TWO CLASSES: IN A MIDDLE POSITION BETWEEN TWO EXTREMES; NOT ONE THING OR THE OTHER; INDIFFERENT webster's new world dictionary

SORRY. I REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE YOU AS BEING A VICTIM OF AN INJUSTICE !

SORRY, I REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE YOU AS A BRUTAL AGGRESSOR OR CONDEMN YOUR ATROCITIES !

JUSTICE OR INJUSTICE?? WHO AM I TO JUDGE AND WHY SHOULD I WANT TO SEE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM? RIGHT?? WRONG?? WHAT'S THAT ??

WHY SHOULD IT MATTER IF PEOPLE ARE ENSLAVED BY A BLOODY DICTAT-OR OR GOVERNED BY OBJECTIVE LAWS, RECOGNIZING AND PROTECTING INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS !

JUSTICE

SORRY. EVEN IF YOU DO HAVE REASON ON YOUR SIDE AND CAN LOGICALLY PROVE YOUR STATEMENTS I'M NEUTRAL' I WON'T ACCEPT THEM AS KNOWLEDGE OR AS TRUTHS !

SORRY. EVEN IF YOU CAN'T PROVE YOUR CLAIMS, I'M NEUTRAL ! I WON'T REJECT THEM AS NOT BEING VALID KNOWLEDGE OR NOT BEING TRUE !

"A" IS "A" !

LOGIC
REALITY
REASON
PHILOS
SCI

"A IS K. BLESS IT"
"A IS X" OR "2" DEPENDING
A IS 4 + 2
WHO CAN SAY ?
IT'S ALL ARBITRARY !

IN FACING UP TO ISSUES....

FOR.....OR....AGAINST !

..COUNT ME OUT !

WE NEUTRALS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO DONT CAUSE TROUBLE !

OUR WAY IS THE ONLY WAY TO PEACE AND HAPPINESS !

BUT A NEUTRAL, BY HIS EVASION OF A STAND, TELLS THE EVIL THAT EVIL IS FREE TO PURSUE ITS DESTRUC-TIVE WAYS AND IT NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT BEING JUDG-ED, CONDEMNED OR OPPOS-ED AND HE TELLS THE VIC-TIMS AND THE GOOD THAT THEY WILL NOT RECEIVE ANY SYMPATHY OR SUPPORT ! BY THE NEUTRALIST'S POLICY - WHO IS PENALIZED AND WHO IS AIDED ??

In Mexico

Troops Rout Protest Camp

300 Seize College

By GLADWIN HILL

Building in Los An

dents Relinquish Control [illegible] supporters [illegible] coordinated [illegible]

Vandals Go Wild Again at School

THE BELLIGERENT PROTESTER!

Watts Tension Eases; Police Reduce Patrols

LOS ANGELES AP [illegible] Police Wire Reserves [illegible]

MILITANTS' INVASION PARALYZES CAMPUS M

SAN FRANCISCO Nov 6 [illegible] Monday [illegible]

NEW YORK DAILY COLUMN

CHAOS ON CAMPUS: REVOLT GROWS

Student Rebels Disrupt Nation

YOUTHS TAKE OVER A COLUMBIA HALL

Protesters Map Chaos, Ill.

Uruguay Cops Fight Student Mob

Angry Students Riot in Canada

Rioters Close Venice Show

Vimies Rouse 27 Held in Chicago Melee

Police Battle Miami Rioters

Riots Jar Vote

Hippies Disrupt TV Sho

Mexican Students Riot

MEXICO CITY UPI Antigovernment demonstrators, angered by the army occupation of the National University Olympic Games site [illegible]

Cops Display Riot Weapons

Police Pelted Near Frisco

After Shooting

Englewood Awaits Replies To Report Blasting Police

3 Dead in Miami Ri

Student Left Has Bolivia in State of Siene

BOMBINGS SET OFF RIOT IN JERUSALEM

Rout Students In Mexico City

Mexico City Aug 28 (UPI) Armored [illegible]

Suit Charges Police Brutal To Protesters

The [illegible]

Claims Cops Violated His Civil Rights

By JEFFREY CHAMBS

East Orange [illegible] Bowser's [illegible]

AND I DEMAND THE "RIGHT" FROM BEING PUNISHED FOR VIOLATING THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS! LET ME GO! YOU HAVE NO "RIGHT" TO VIOLATE MY CONSTI-TUTIONAL RIGHTS!

Miami Police Open Fire on Rioting Mobs

Miami, Aug 8 (AP)—Police opened fire on

Witnesses Heard on Police Brutality

Staff Correspondent

Mrs. Antonia Nieves of 56 West was Ramon Carrion a member Puerto Rican communities Loner and her para

THE NEO-NEUTRALIST.... SELECTIVITY, THE RULE!

MAN'S RIGHTS COME FROM THE STATE, SOCIETY, GOD, BY VOTE! THEY CAN BE TAKEN AWAY!

STATE PROPERTY

WE'RE NEUTRAL AS FAR AS THIS SIDE IS CONCERNED!

. THE INALIENABLE RIGHT TO LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS..

WE HAVE A "RIGHT" TO FORCE WHATEVER NEEDS WE WANT OUT OF ANYONE!

BURN

BUT SINCE THERE IS TROUBLE IN THE WORLD, THIS SIDE HAS TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYONE'S MISERY!

NO ONE HAS A RIGHT TO VIOLATE THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS! THE LAW-BIDING CITIZENS MUST BE PROTECTED!

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GOVERMENT FORCE

SOMEONE GIVE ME
SOMEONE OWES ME
JOB!
POSITION!
CAREER
SUCCESS!
SECURITY!

WHATEVER I'M ABLE TO ACHIEVE WILL BELONG TO ME BUT IT'S UP TO ME TO ACHIEVE IT! THERE'S NO GUARANTEE THAT I CAN OR WILL ACHIEVE ANYTHING!

LOGIC

NO ONE CARES ABOUT OR HELPS ME! SO HOW CAN A GUY DO ANYTHING OR BE ANYTHING BUT MISERABLE IN LIFE!

POOR VICTIMS OF GREED, ENVIROMENT OF A CRUEL, EVIL WORLD!

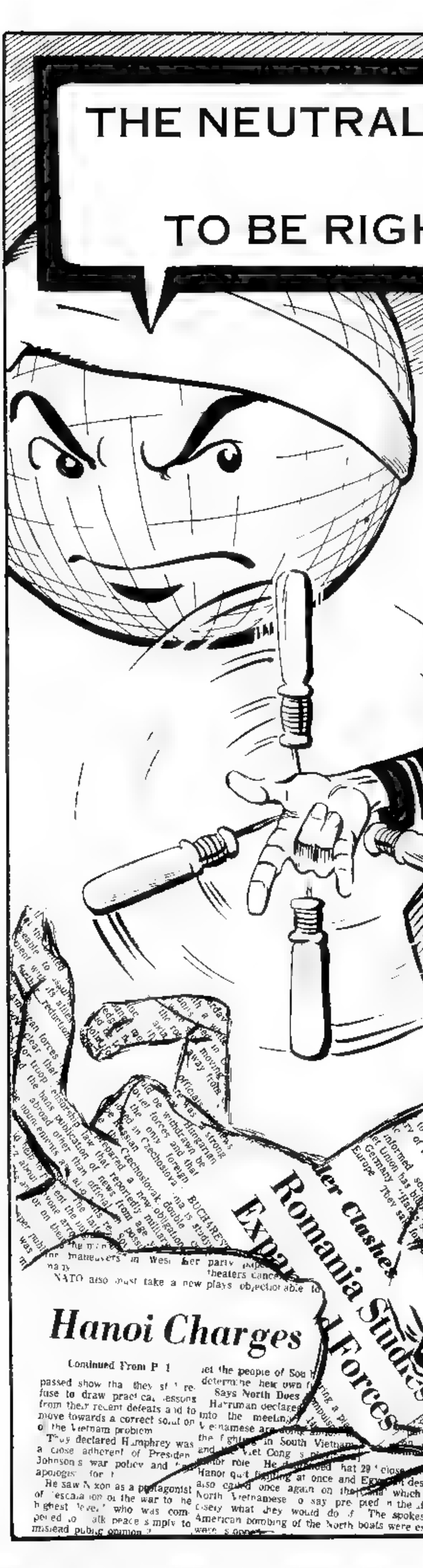
SELFISH! GREEDY! IN-HUMAN!

SURE I'M HAPPY! I'M STRUGGLING BUT I'M EARNING MY SUCCESS! I'M ENJOYING MY ABILITY TO LEARN AND DO MORE IN LIFE! WHY HOLD MYSELF BACK??

THE NEUTRALIST SETTLES A DISPUTE!

OR

TO BE RIGHT IS TO BE A LOSER!



Disorder Area in Berkeley Curfew Disaster

Strategy Red Crit

Czech Deputy Forced C

Romania Studies Ex

Hanoi Charges

Continued From P 1

WHY SHOULD I WORK TO SUPPORT MYSELF? I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN! THE WORLD* OWES ME A LIVING!

*SUBSTITUTE: GOVERNMENT COMMUNITY FAMILY EVERYONE BUT MYSELF

YOU GAVE US YOUR TIME AND YOUR SKILLS, WE GIVE YOU A SALARY IN EXCHANGE! SOMETHING FOR SOMETHING!

HAND OVER YOUR MONEY OR I'LL SMASH YOU!

NO! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO IT!

I SAID GIVE ME! ★☽★◎ ϟϟ✶✶// ◎//

HERE NOW, THERE'S NOTHING WORTH FIGHTING OVER OR TO BE GAINED BY BEING SO ONE-SIDED!

NO, I WON'T!

HE'S TRYING TO STEAL MY MONEY!

OOOH! THEY SAY THAT'S WRONG!

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY!

OOOH! THEY SAY THAT'S RIGHT!

I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY--HE DOES!

BUT I NEED AND WANT SOME MONEY!

WHY SHOULDN'T I HAVE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE?

THIS MONEY BELONGS TO ME!

GO EARN IT HONESTLY LIKE I DID!

WHY SHOULD OTHERS BE FORCED TO PROVIDE YOU WITH IT?

NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE WHAT'S MINE AWAY FROM ME BY FORCE!

HMMM! THAT SOUNDS RIGHT!

NO FAIR! YOU'RE NOT BEING NEUTRAL! YOU'RE TAKING SIDES AND GANGING UP ON ME! I'M THE UNDERDOG! I GOT RIGHTS, TOO!

HMMM! THAT SOUNDS RIGHT!

WHY SHOULD I WORK TO SUPPORT MYSELF? I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN! THE WORLD* OWES ME A LIVING!

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HMMM! THAT SOUNDS RIGHT!

HMMM! SINCE THEY SAY THERE'S TWO SIDES TO EVERY ISSUE, THAT HAS TO MEAN BOTH SIDES ARE PARTLY RIGHT! SO I CAN'T LEAVE THIS AS IT WAS BEFORE YOU MET, OR SETTLE IT IN FAVOR OF JUST ONE PARTY!

AH, I'VE GOT THE PERFECT SOLUTION, SO BOTH SIDES WILL HAVE THEIR WAY.. A COMPROMISE! WITH A COMPROMISE, NO ONE LOSES EVERYTHING, AND EVERYONE GAINS SOMETHING HE WANTS

YEAH! LET'S COMPROMISE! THAT'S FAIR ALL AROUND!

NO! THERE CAN'T BE A COMPROMISE! HE'S GUILTY OF A CRIMINAL ACT!

WE'RE ALL ALIKE

AND YOU'RE GUILTY OF BEING A GREEDY, SELFISH, SELF-PROVIDING GO-GETTER! THAT'S A SIN!

NOW, NOW, I REPRESENT THE RULING POWER, TRUE EQUALITY FOR ALL, BASED ON THE FEELINGS AND NEEDS OF THE MAJORITY, THE CONSENSUS, THE POPULAR OPINION SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE, NO EXTREMES! WE'LL ALL MEET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD ON THE COMMON GROUND OF PUBLIC GOOD!

AFTER ALL, WE ALL HAVE TO SACRIFICE SOMETHING, BUT THIS WAY, NO ONE LOSES EVERYTHING, AND BESIDES, WHO'S TO JUDGE WHAT'S RIGHT OR WRONG? NO ONE'S MORE CONTEMPTIBLE THAN ANYONE ELSE A PERSON WOULD HAVE TO BE A MONSTER TO THINK OTHERWISE!

FOR YOUR PART OF THE COMPROMISE, I TAKE HALF OF YOUR EARNED MONEY AWAY FROM YOU!

BUT NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE ANY OF MY PROPERTY, NOT EVEN YOU · IT'S WRONG!

BLAM

WHY ARE YOU SO HOSTILE WHEN I'M DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, TO PROTECT YOU? IT CAN'T BE WRONG IF WE TAKE SOMETHING FROM SOMEONE, OR FORCE PEOPLE TO DO THINGS WHEN IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF ALL PEOPLE, FOR SOCIETY, BECAUSE IF IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF SOCIETY IT HAS TO BE GOOD FOR YOU YOU MAY HAVE TO SACRIFICE* A LITTLE NOW, BUT YOU'LL MAKE IT UP WHEN OTHERS ARE FORCED TO SACRIFICE FOR THE GOOD OF SOCIETY, FOR YOU

* YOUR MONEY — NOW
YOUR PROPERTY — LATER
YOUR LIFE — EVENTUALLY

NOW I GIVE THE HALF OF YOUR MONEY TO THIS MAN, WHO WANTS AND NEEDS IT!

THAT'S FAIR!

NOW FOR YOUR PART OF THE COMPROMISE, YOU MUST PROMISE NOT TO TRY TO ROB THIS MAN AGAIN!

PROMISE THAT... FOR ONLY HALF HIS MONEY? ALRIGHT, BUT JUST TO PROVE I'M WILLING TO SACRIFICE FOR THE COMMON GOOD, FOR SOCIETY!

YOU HAD TO SETTLE FOR ONLY HALF OF WHAT YOU WANTED, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING ROBBED!

NEXT TIME I'M GOING TO HOLD OUT FOR 3/4's OF THE MONEY!

SEE, EVERYONE SACRIFICED A LITTLE AND GAINED A LITTLE, BUT NO ONE LOST EVERYTHING. WHAT COULD BE MORE FAIR?

THANKS TO MY "PROTECTOR", I'M OUT HALF MY EARNINGS... AND WHAT'S A PROMISE FROM A THIEF WORTH?

EVERY PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED, WITH EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL, BY THE SIMPLE COMPROMISE!

♪ BORN FREE ♪

WE'RE ALSO "HAVE-NOTS"! WE HAVE NEEDS, TOO! HE WAS MADE TO GIVE ONCE, HE HAS TO BE MADE TO GIVE AGAIN, AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN... AGAIN.

DON'T FORGET THE REST OF THE WORLD!

SO DON'T BE SELFISH. COMPROMISE! GIVE UP THE GOOD TO THE EVIL AND YOU'LL GAIN PEACE AND HAPPINESS!

PENALIZE THOSE WHO PRODUCE AND EARN - REWARD THE UNPRODUCTIVE AND UNDESERVING!

WE'RE ONLY ASKING YOU TO COMPROMISE PART OF YOUR RIGHTS AWAY - JUST YOUR PROPERTY - YOU'LL STILL HAVE YOUR LIFE!

WE'RE A POOR NATION. YOU'RE A RICH ONE! LET'S COMPROMISE! TAX YOUR PEOPLE MORE TO MAKE US RICH WITH FOREIGN AID AND WE'LL DEMAND LESS FROM YOU!

WE'LL COMPROMISE! WE'LL TAKE YOUR CAPITALIST MONEY AND AID TO BUILD UP OUR SOCIALIST AND DICTATOR REGIMES!

A CRIMINAL HAS RIGHTS! IT'S NOT HIS CRIME - IT'S SOCIETY'S! HE'S AS GOOD AS ANY LAW-BIDING CITIZEN AND DESERVES MORE CONSIDERATION THAN HIS VICTIMS!

WE'LL COMPROMISE! WE'LL ACCEPT THE SINFUL WEALTH CREATED BY GODLESS REASON AND INDUSTRY AND USE IT TO SUPPORT OUR HOLY FAITH AND TO ATTACK YOU FOR CONTINUALLY LIFTING MAN'S STANDARD OF LIVING HIGHER AND HIGHER!

WE ALL KNOW NO ONE CARES FOR PEOPLE MORE THAN A BLOODY DICTATOR! SO LET'S GET TOGETHER WITH THEM IN A WORLD PEACE ORGANIZATION! A U.N.! THUS, ASSURING EVERY MAN'S RIGHTS WILL BE FULLY PROTECTED!

IT'S YOUR FAULT WE'RE A BACKWARD NATION! YOU SHOULD FEEL GUILTY AND ASHAMED OF YOUR PROSPERITY! COMPROMISE! MAKE US A MODERN NATION ON OUR TERMS!

Second Time
Welfare Protest Turns Into Clash

De Gaulle Assails Soviet Action But Affirms Policy of Detente

THE N.Y. TIMES

75 Welfare Recipients Go on Rampage, Closing 3 Brooklyn Centers

Relief Clients Vow to Create More Trouble

Everybody's Getting Help But Taxpayer

By DON MACLEAN

BUT TO TREAT A DICTATOR FOR WHAT HE IS WOULD OFFEND HIM SO WE LEGAL GOVERMENTS MUST RECOGNIZE HIS ILLEGAL REGIME AND MAKE HIM RESPECTABLE!

LET US ENSLAVE ONLY HALF YOUR COUNTRY...

TO CAUSE A DEATH OF ONE MAN IS A CRIME AND PUNISHABLE BUT TO CAUSE THE DEATHS OF THOUSANDS OR MILLIONS IS A DICTATORS PRIVATE BUSINESS AND NOT TO BE JUDGED!

...le to the flying of Communist flags—is human.

The Growing Anti-Poverty Scandals

(Continued on Page 7)

U.S. to Let Soviet Use UN As Forum Before Election

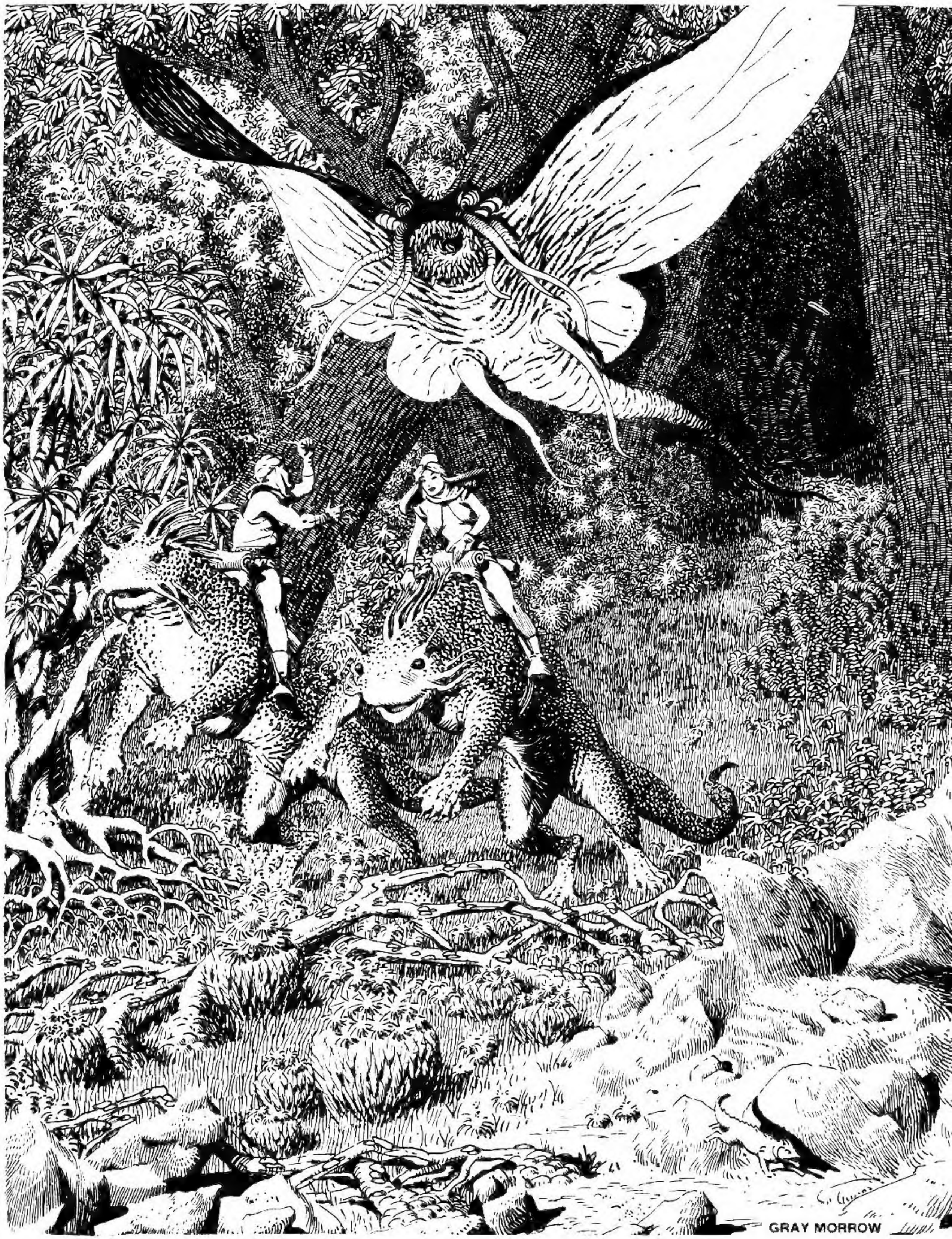
Welfare Militants Demand A Guaranteed Income Plus

U.S. Is Spending—Like There's No Tomorrow

Why So Many Jobs Open While Reliefers Are Idle?

Summit With Invaders

WHEN WILL IT END?? FOR YOU. WHEN YOU REFUSE TO BECOME A WILLING VICTIM OF INJUSTICE AND UPHOLD THE FACT THAT ON BASIC PRINCIPLES....
THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE!


GRAY MORROW

$1.00 NUMBER 6

Amazing